



EDMOND

Ætatis



WALLER

suæ. 76





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Ætatis



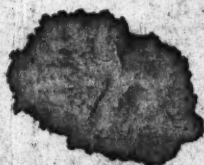
WALLER

suæ. 76





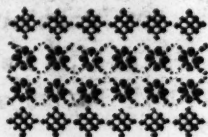
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THE
WORKS

OF
~~Edmund Waller, Esq.~~
EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

IN
VERSE AND PROSE.



DUBLIN:
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W O R K



FOR THE
LIBRARY OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
BY W. G. JONES
LONDON
1853

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
THE
LADY MARGARET
CAVENDISH HARLEY.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades ;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the Laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain ! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine :
None but the Fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When WALLER, kindling with cœlestial rage,
View'd the bright HARLEY of that wond'ring age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breath ;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast :
But, fir'd to fame by SIDNEY's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.

DEDICATION.

His Muse, by nature form'd to please the Fair,
Or sing of Heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender Pow'rs of love :
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As Angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light,
The florid, and sublime, the grave, and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray :
Illumin'd thence in equal Lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;
With varied Notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse !
Accept these votive honors at thy herse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy Genius, and my fancy raise !
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his Shade inspires.

In WALLER's fame, O fairest HARLEY ! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to You.
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time,
Her beauties flourish in Ambrosial prime :

Still

DEDICATION.

Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white:
How bright, and chaste, the Poet and his Theme
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A fainted Virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the Martyr-King.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such foul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flourets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd Fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.

DEDICATION.

Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where Spring resides in soft Elyſian bow'rs ;
While theſe the bow'rs adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame ;
When You to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape, and Gloriana's eyes ;
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien ;
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene :
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd !
That Angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow :
Her Titian tints the Painter-nymph reſumes ;
The canvas warm with roſeate beauty blooms :
Inſpir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil.
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile :
Proud to receive the form, by fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heav'nly voice !
The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice :
Attend, ye gales ! to Margareta's praiſe ;
And all ye liſt'ning Loves record the Lays !

So,

DEDICATION.

So, Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing Orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign ;
The first, the brightest, of the starry train.

What fav'rite Youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize ?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, atchieved on Gallia's viny plains :
Or, smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays :
Adorn, ye Fates ! the fav'rite Youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind :
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;
Great without pride, and amiably good :
His breast the guardian Ark of heav'n-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd ;
Not fear'd, but honor'd ; and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wife, brave, and studious to support the State,
With candor firm ; without ambition, bold ;
No deed discolor'd with the guilt of gold.
That heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due ;
And give the various Good compriz'd in You.

E. FENTON.

DEDICATION

So, Phipps' change in Indian grove
To me, in the heart of love
Ourselves, and our friends here
The day, the night, of the rainy rain

What is the heart of the heart to
In the heart of the heart to
We need a heart to hold in
Tropical, and the heart to
On the heart of the heart to
The heart of the heart to
And the heart of the heart to
In the heart of the heart to
Great, and the heart to
The heart of the heart to
To the heart of the heart to
In the heart of the heart to
Not heart, and the heart to
In the heart of the heart to
With heart, and the heart to
No heart of the heart to
That heart, and the heart to
And the heart of the heart to

E. F. H. T. O. N.

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OF

SPEECHES

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
Edmond Waller, Esq;

AS no kind of History is so useful as the Lives of great and excellent Men, so are the Lives of such as have been eminent for their Parts and Learning, read with a peculiar Pleasure and Delight. In the first we meet with Heroick Examples, which few can imitate, and Schemes of Government which private Persons are no ways concern'd in; whereas the latter in the general Entertainment to every intelligent Reader, who by this means grows acquainted in some Measure with the Person, whose Writings had before made him the Object of his Admiration. This ever was, and ever will be acceptable to the Publick; and by the Life of POMPIUS ATTICUS, we find the ROMANS had as great a Value for the Memoirs of Men of Gallantry and Wit, as for those of their great Captains and Politicians; in whose Actions, if there is

more Importance, there is less Pleasure. But besides, that Mr. WALLER's Life was mostly that of a Court, in which he made the first Figure for Politeness and Wit; he also had a Share in the Business of his Times, and his Name is transmitted to us by the most considerable Historians, as well as the most celebrated Poets. Before we say any Thing of his Writings, we must give some Account of the Man, his Birth, Descent, Education, and Appearance in the World.

Mr. EDMOND WALLER, Author of these Poems, was the Son of ROBERT WALLER, Esq; of AGMONDESHAM in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, by his Wife the Daughter of ----- HAMPDEN of HAMPDEN, in that County, one of the most ancient Families in ENGLAND, and Sister to Colonel JOHN HAMPDEN, as Dr. BIRCH assured us, who having been a leading Member in the Parliament in 1641, died in its Service. Mr. WALLER was born on the 3d of MARCH 1605, at COLESHILL, which gives HERTFORDSHIRE the Honour of his Birth; for though COLESHILL be in the Parish of AGMONDENSHAM, 'tis in the County of HERTFORD. His Father had the Reputation of a Wise Man, and his Oeconomy was one of the distinguishing Marks of his Prudence: For though the Family of WALLER in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE was but a younger Branch of the WALLERS of KENT, yet this Gentleman at his Death left his Son, our Mr. WALLER, an Estate of 3500 l. a Year; a Fortune at that Time fit for a Nobleman: And indeed, the Antiquity of this Family, and the Services they have

have rendered their Country, deservedly place it amongst the most Honourable in ENGLAND. Mr. ROBERT WALLER, Father of EDMOND, was bred a Lawyer, and practis'd at the Bar some time, but then left it, to live the Life of a Country Gentleman, which he often repented, looking upon it as too idle. He had a great Esteem for the Common Law, the Study of which he prefer'd to the Civil. He was a Man of Parts and Virtue, and wrote Advice to his Son, Mr. EDMOND WALLER; which Manuscript is in the Hands of Mrs. WALLER, Widow of Dr. STEPHEN WALLER, our Poet's Son. Those who have seen it speak very well of it. This Mr. WALLER, as has been observ'd, improv'd the Estate so much that 'twas look'd upon to be one of the best in the County, and there was a kind of Emulation between the Families of HAMPDEN and WALLER on that Score. RICH. WALLER, of SPENDHURST in the County of KENT, Esq; was Sheriff of that County the 16th of HENRY VI. of whom we read this remarkable Account in the VILLARE CANTUUM. He serv'd in the Wars of FRANCE, under HENRY V. and signaliz'd himself so far that he took CHARLES Duke of ORLEANS, General of the FRENCH Army, Prisoner at the Battle of AGENCOURT. He brought him to ENGLAND, and according to the Custom of those Times, had the Custody of that Prince, whom he kept in honourable Restraint at GROME BRIDGE, his Seat, near SPENDHURST; as appears by a Manuscript in the Herald's Office. The Duke was his Prisoner there twenty Years;

and in the Time of this Recess he rebuilt his Mansion-House at GROMEBRIDGE on the old Foundation. He was a great Benefactor to the Church of SPENDHURST, where his Arms remain in Stonework over the Porch; and in them we find an Addition to the former Bearing of the Family, assigned by King HENRY to him and his Descendants, viz. A Crest with the Arms of FRANCE hanging by a Label on an Oak, with this Motto, "Hæc fructus Virtutis," in remembrance of the glorious Services of RICHARD WALLER, at AGENCOURT. From him Sir WILLIAM WALLER, who was Sheriff of KENT the 22d of HENRY VII. lineally descended; and Tradition says, the Family had then 7000l. a Year. But it was very much reduced in the Time of Sir WILLIAM WALLER, famous in the Wars between the King and Parliament for his good and bad Fortune; which Sir WILLIAM lineally descended from the former, of whom probably is that noble Monument in SPENDHURST Church of Sir WALTER WALLER and his Lady, who in the Roll of Sheriffs may by Mistake be written Sir WILLIAM. We cou'd not learn at what Time the WALLERS of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE removed thither out of KENT, and settled at AGMONDESHAM; but it seems not to have been long before Mr. WALLER's Father's Time, because a Family of such a Fortune could not have escap'd furnishing the County with a Sheriff, and we find none of this Name in the Rolls. The House of AGMONDESHAM being old and decaying, Mr. WALLER, of whom we write, lived mostly at BECONSFIELD, where

where his Mother dwelt in her Widowhood, and often entertain'd OLIVER CROMWELL there, during his Usurpation, he being related to her. But notwithstanding her Relation to the Usurper, and Colonel HAMPDEN, she was a Royalist in her Principles; and when OLIVER visited her at BECONSFIELD, she would frankly tell him how his Pretensions would end. The Usurper us'd merrily to throw a Napkin at her in return, and said he wou'd not enter into further Disputes with his Aunt; for so he us'd to call her, though not quite so nearly related. However, finding at last that Mrs. WALLER was more in earnest than he was in jest, and that she corresponded with Persons of her own Principles, in favour of the King, she was for some time made a Prisoner to her Daughter in her own House.

Mr. WALLER's Father dying when he was very young, the Care of his Education fell to his Mother, who sent him to EATON School, where having arriv'd at a good Proficiency in Grammar Learning, he was remov'd to King's College in CAMBRIDGE; and it is very manifest, that at both EATON and CAMBRIDGE, he must have been assiduous in his Studies, since he acquir'd so fine a Taste of the Ancients in so short a Time, for at sixteen or seventeen Years of Age he was chosen into the last Parliament of King JAMES I. and serv'd as Burgefs for AGMONDESHAM. 'Twas about the same time, in the seventeenth Year of his Age, that Prince CHARLES had like to have been cast away

in the Road of St. ANDERE coming from SPAIN.
On which he wrote that admirable Poem,

“ Now had his Highness bid Farewel to SPAIN,
“ And reach’d the Sphere of his own Pow’r, the
“ Main.”

at an Age, when, generally speaking, Persons of the most forward, begin just to discover themselves, and at a Time when the ENGLISH Poetry had hardly any Harmony or Grace in it. But he rose at once, like a Wonder, and shook off the Barbarism and Rudeness, under which it had long labour’d.

“ Great MARO cou’d no greater Tempest feign,
“ When the loud Winds, usurping on the Main,
“ For angry JUNO, labour’d to destroy
“ The hated Reliques of confounded TROY.
“ His bold ÆNEAS, &c.”

If this was not written at that very Time (which is probable) it could not be long after it, as is plain by several Hints in the Poem. That Parliament being some time after dissolv’d, on the Day of its Dissolution he, out of Curiosity or Respect, went to see the King at Dinner, with whom were Dr. ANDREWS, Bishop of WINCHESTER, and Dr. NEAL, Bishop of DURHAM, standing behind his Majesty’s Chair; and there happen’d something very extraordinary in the Conversation those Prelates had with the King, on which Mr. WALLER did often reflect. His Majesty ask’d the Bishops,
“ My

“ My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money
 “ when I want it, without all this Formality in
 “ Parliament?” The Bishop of DURHAM readily
 answer’d, “ God forbid, Sir, but you shou’d, you
 “ are the Breath of our Nostrils.” Whereupon the
 King turned, and said to the Bishop of WINCHES-
 TER, “ Well, my Lord, what say you? Sir, “ re-
 “ plied the Bishop, “ I have no Skill to judge of
 “ Parliamentary Cases:” The King answer’d, “ No
 “ Put-offs, my Lord, answer me presently: Then
 “ Sir” said he, “ I think it’s lawful for you to take
 “ my Brother NEAL’S Money, for he offers it.”
 Mr. WALLER said the Company was pleas’d with
 this Answer, and the Wit of it seem’d to affect the
 King: For a certain Lord coming in soon after his
 Majesty cry’d out, “ Oh my Lord, they say you
 “ lig with my Lady:” No, Sir, says his Lordship in
 Confusion, “ but I like her Company because she
 “ has so much Wit. Why then,” says the King,
 “ do you not lig with my Lord of WINCHESTER
 “ there.” The Truth of this Conversation is not
 to be doubted, it having been often told Dr.
 BIRCH by Mr. WALLER himself, one of whose
 Daughters he had marry’d, and the Doctor com-
 municated it to us, with several other Passages con-
 cerning our Author.

King JAMES did not long survive this Parlia-
 ment, and his Son and Successor King CHARLES
 the First beginning his Reign with a Match with
 FRANCE, and a War soon after with SPAIN, the
 Fleet that was fitted out and sent thither under the

Command of my Lord WIMBLEDON, was probably the Occasion of the Copy of Verses which begins this Collection, "To the King on his Navy, in the Year 1626," which was the Time of that Expedition; and the ENGLISH Navy is hardly mentioned in History from the Year in which Mr. WALLER was born, till this the One and Twentieth of his Age: For which Reason we may very well imagine the Noise of this Naval Enterprize inspir'd his Muse to sing to his Majesty,

"Where'er thy Navy spreads her Canvas Wings,
"Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings."

Two Years after this, and when Mr. WALLER was Three and Twenty Years old, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was assassinated by FELTON at PORTSMOUTH. King CHARLES was then at SOUTHWICK, a Seat of RICHARD NORTON, Esq; in HAMPSHIRE, and received the News of this Assassination when he was at Chappel; and this gave Occasion to another Copy of Verses "On his Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death, in the Year 1628.

"So earnest with thy God, can no new Care,
"No Sense of Danger, &c."

Our Author was now known at Court, and caress'd by all the People of Quality, who had a Relish of Learning and Wit: He was also one of that Famous Club with the Lord FALKLAND, Sir

FRANCIS

FRANCIS WAINMAN, Mr. CHILLINGWORTH, Mr. GODOLPHIN, and others. At one of their Meetings they heard a Noise in the Street, and were told a Son of BEN JOHNSON's was arrested: They sent for him, and he prov'd Mr. MORLEY, afterwards Bishop of WINCHESTER: Mr. WALLER lik'd him so well that he pay'd the Debt, which was no less than 100 l. on condition he would live with him at BECONSFIELD, which he did eight or ten Hears together; and from him Mr. WALLER us'd to own he learn'd a Taste of the antient Poets, and got what he had of their Genius. But 'tis evident, by his Poems written before this Incident of Mr. MORLEY's Arrest, that he had early acquir'd that exquisite Gout; however he improv'd and enlarg'd it afterwards by Mr MORLEY's Conversation and Assistance, to whom this Adventure prov'd very advantageous; for Mr. WALLER introduced him into that learned and polite Society, as my Lord FALKLAND did Mr. HYDE Earl of CLARENDON, at the same Time, and that Friendship continued between them till both were greater Men.

We have not been able to learn certainly at what Time Mr. WALLER married; but a very good Friend of his told us, he believ'd his first Wife ANN, Daughter and Heir of EDWARD BANKS, Esq; was dead, before he became enamour'd of my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY, and that he was then a Widower, and about the Four or Five and Twentieth

✱ An Account of the Life, &c,

tieth Year of his Age, when he began to have a Passion for SACHARISSA, which Passion has made her Beauty immortal. 'Tis known to every one, that SACHARISSA was a Nom de Guerre he gave that Lady, Daughter to the Lord LEICESTER, and afterwards Wife to the Earl of SUNDERLAND. The first Poem he addresses to her in this Collection, begins,

“ Such was PHILOCLEA, such MUCIDORUS
“ Flame,

“ The matchless SYDNEY, that immortal Frame
“ Of perfect Beauty, &c.”

The first Line of which Poem is perhaps the least numerous of any in the whole Collection, but the rest make more than amends for it: On her is also that Poem entitled, “ Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases;” and that “ Of the Mis-report of her being painted;” and that “ Of her passing through a Crowd of People:” But that which designs her and himself, and the Success of his Love best, is, the Fable of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE:

“ THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired Train,
“ Fair SACHARISSA lov'd; but lov'd in vain,
“ Like PHOEBUS, &c.”

This is one of the most Gallant and best turn'd Copies of Verses in the ENGLISH Tongue; and that
which

which he applies to himself with a modest and just Boldness, can never be enough admir'd.

“ All but the Nymph, that should redress his

“ Wrong,

“ Attend his Passion, and approve his Song :

“ Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unsought Praise,

“ He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with

“ Bays.”

Nothing can be more agreeable than the Parallel between AMORET and SACHARISSA, in the Stanza's address'd to the former. Who that AMORET was, is not known ; but 'tis doubtless as much a feign'd Name for a true One, as SACHARISSA for my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY, which he form'd, as he us'd to say pleasantly, from SACHARUM, Sugar. Though in these Stanza's SACHARISSA carries him away from AMORET, yet by some Verses in the Pages that come after, we may suppose SACHARISSA's Cruelty made him prefer AMORET's good Nature. It appears by the Verses to PHILLIS and others, Mr. WALLER's Love for SACHARISSA did not make him forget what was due to the Beauty of other Ladies, and that they were not all of them so unjust to him, as she whom he of all most admir'd. His good Fortune elsewhere might perhaps render him the more easy under her Treatment ; and we find he was not of a Disposition to make any other use of the Willow, when she Married, than to hang his Harp upon it : For we have a Manuscript Letter which he sent to the Lady Do-

ROTHY'S

ROTHY'S Sister, when SACHARISSA Married the Lord SPENCER, afterwards Earl of SUNDERLAND, which will, without doubt, be an Entertainment to the Publick, the Writer and the Occasion being both very extraordinary.

To my Lady LUCY SYDNEY, upon the Marriage of my Lady DOROTHY, her Sister, to my Lord SPENCER.

Madam,

“ I N this Common Joy at PENSURST I know
 “ none to whom Complaints may come less un-
 “ seasonable than to your Ladyship, the Loss of a
 “ Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mis-
 “ tress; and therefore you ought, at least to par-
 “ don, if you consent not to the Imprecations of
 “ the Deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will
 “ hear.

“ May my Lady DOROTHY, if we may yet call
 “ her so, suffer as much, and have the like Passion
 “ for this young Lord, whom she has prefer’d to
 “ the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her;
 “ and may this Love, before the Year go about,
 “ make her taste of the first Curse impos’d on Wo-
 “ mankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother.
 “ May her First-born be none of her own Sex, nor
 “ so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord
 “ as much as herself.

“ May she that always affected Silence and Re-
 “ tiredness, have the House fill’d with the Noise

“ and

“ and Number of her Children, and hereafter of
 “ her Grand-Children, and then may she arrive at
 “ that great Curse so much declin’d by fair Ladies,
 “ Old Age : May she live to be very old, and yet
 “ seem young, be told so by her Glass, and have
 “ no Aches to inform her of the Truth : And when
 “ she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not
 “ mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her
 “ to that Place, where we are told there is nei-
 “ ther marrying nor giving in Marriage, that being
 “ there divorced, we may all have an equal In-
 “ terest in her again. My Revenge being immor-
 “ tal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity
 “ to the World’s End, and afterwards.

“ To you, Madam, I wish all good things, and
 “ that this Loss may in good Time be happily sup-
 “ plyed with a more constant Bed-fellow of the
 “ other Sex.

“ Madam, I humbly kiss your Hands. and beg
 “ Pardon for this Trouble, from

“ Your Ladyship’s most humble Servant,

“ E. WALLER.”

By this we may see Mr. WALLER’s Despair was
 of a soft kind, and that AMORET, or PHYLLIS,
 or some other of the Fair, soon reconcil’d him to
 his Fate. He liv’d to converse with the Lady SUN-
 DERLAND when she was very old : But his Impre-
 cation relating to her Glass did not succeed, for my
 Lady

Lady knew she had the Disease nothing but Death can cure; and in a Conversation with Mr. WALLER, and some other Ladies and Gentlemen at the late Lady WHARTON'S at WOBURN near BECONSFIELD, she then ask'd him in Raillery, "When, Mr. WALLER, will you write such fine Verses upon me again? Oh, Madam," said he, "when your Ladyship is as young again." From this Beauty is descended the present Earl of SUNDERLAND, whose great Qualities, whose Integrity and Love of his Country have made his Name dear to every true ENGLISH Man. Mr. WALLER had SACHARISSA'S Picture at his Seat at HALL BARN, which he built about a quarter of a Mile from BECONSFIELD, his Mother living in that Town. That Seat has been since Re-built, by Dr. STEPHEN WALLER his Son, and is now a very handsome Edifice.

Besides all the great Wits of his own Sex, Mr. WALLER convers'd with all those of the Fair; the chief of whom was the Countess of CARLISLE, a Lady very famous in her Time, and one who was thought to be as deeply concerned in the Councils of the Court, and afterwards of the Parliament, as any in ENGLAND. When VOITURE was at LONDON, he held her in such Admiration, that he could not forbear writing of her to his Friend Mr. GOURDEN, when he was got no farther than DOVER, in his return to FRANCE. We may very well imagine, a Man of Mr. WALLER'S Genius wou'd not let such a one as VOITURE, whose was so near akin to his own, be in ENGLAND, without making

making some Acquaintance with him; and, if our Conjecture is right, we shall find him in an Intimacy with the greatest Wits of FRANCE too, VOITURE, LA FONTAINE, ST. EVREMONTE, &c.

We have no grounds to believe that Mr. WALLER'S Ladies were like the LAURA of PETRARCH, Imaginary only; or that he writ like a gallant Man, and not a Lover. For he was in his younger Years of a Poetical Complexion every way, and did not write of Love only by the Theory.

His Wife ANNE dying in Childbed, left him one Daughter, who marry'd Mr. DORMER of OXFORDSHIRE, and is now his Widow; he had a Son by her, but he dy'd in his Infancy. His Second Wife was MARY, of the Family of the BRESSE, or BREAU'S, as is seen by the Inscription on his Tomb, by whom he had a numerous Issue.

There's no doubt, but had Mr. WALLER liv'd in an Age when Parliaments were frequent, he wou'd have distinguish'd himself as much by his Politicks, as by his Poetry; but his Relation to the HAMPDEN Family inducing him to espouse the Party which was against Ship-money, and other Practices in those Times, he never was acceptable to the Reigning Favourites, further than his Muse made him; and this Life of Inaction is perhaps the Occasion of his giving up so much of his Time to Poetry as he did.

However, he was return'd a Burgess for AGMONDESHAM in the Parliament which met in APRIL, 1640. A preceding Interval of twelve Years

* Years had made ill Blood, and the House met in no good Humour to give Money. It must be confess'd, some late Proceedings had rais'd such Jealousies as wou'd be sure to discover themselves whenever the King came to ask for a Supply; and Mr. WALLER was one of the first to condemn those Measures. A Speech he made in the House on this Occasion, which is printed at the End of these Poems, gives us some Notions of his Principles as to Government. Indeed we can't but confess, he was a little too Inconstant in them, and was not naturally as Steady, as he was Judicious; which variable Temper was the Cause of his losing his Reputation, in a great measure, with both Parties when the Nation became unhappily divided. His Love of Poetry and Indolence laid him open to the Insinuations of others, and it may be prevented his fixing so resolutely to any One Party, as to make him a Favourite of either.

As Mr. WALLER did not come up to the heights of those who were for an Unlimited Monarchy, so he did not go to the Lengths of such as wou'd have sunk the Kingdom into a Commonwealth; but had so much Credit at Court, that in this Parliament the King particularly sent to him to second his Demand of some Subsidies to pay off the Army: And Sir HENRY VANE objecting against first Voting a Supply, because the King would not accept it, unless it came up to his Proportion; Mr. WALLER spoke earnestly to Sir THOMAS JERMYN, Comptroller of the Household, to save his Master from the Effects of so bold a Falsity: For says he, " I am a Country

“ try Gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the
 “ King’s Mind.” But Sir THOMAS durst not con-
 tradict the Secretary ; and his Son, the Earl of St.
 ALBANS, afterwards told Mr. WALLER, “ That
 “ his Father’s Cowardice ruin’d the King.”

That Parliament being dissolv’d in about five
 Weeks time, it gave him a new Recess till NOVEM-
 BER following, when he was chosen again a Repre-
 sentative for AGMONDESHAM. He was in this
 Session zealous against Ship-money ; and no doubt
 his Uncle HAMPDEN’s Sufferings animated his Zeal
 on that score. He was chosen to impeach Judge
 CRAWLEY, who had been a busy Man in that Af-
 fair : He did it in that Warm and Eloquent Speech,
 printed also at the End of the Poems : The Speech
 was highly applauded, and Twenty Thousand of
 them sold in one Day. He a long while voted in
 this Session with those who were most disaffected to
 the Administration. And when on the great Breach
 between the King and Parliament, a War ensued,
 he did not leave the House ; but, as Dr. BIRCH
 phrases it, from his own Mouth, “ follow’d the
 “ Opinion of the then Lord DORSET, and the
 “ Neuters.” It is likely that Mr. WALLER might
 here put a Gloss on his Actions, and that he stay’d
 out of Complacency to his Uncle Colonel HAMP-
 DEN, or follow’d his then Opinion, which might
 waver afterwards. Whether it was his Precaution,
 or Fear, or Generosity, or a nobler Principle, Loy-
 alty, that put him upon it, we are credibly in-
 form’d he sent a Thousand Broad Pieces to the
 King at NOTTINGHAM, when his Majesty set up

his Standard there; yet he stay'd with the Parliament, and continued so to do, 'till that Plot was discovered, which cost him and his Family so dear, that they cou'd never recover it. This Event being the most Remarkable and Important of any in Mr. WALLER's Life, we shall take care to render it clearly and faithfully, as we find it related by the Lord CLARENDON, and in some Manuscripts that have fallen into our Hands: And it will, by this Account, be seen, that Mr. WALLER always kept his Measures with the Court, and so manag'd himself, that the Royalists inclin'd to believe he was in their Interests; which he might be so far, as to disapprove of the hot Councils of those, who for private Ends, oppos'd the Publick Peace; and there were but too many in the Parliament, whom we may reasonably suspect to be acted by such base Views, so contrary to the true Welfare of their Country.

The Conspiracy we are about to treat of, is best known by the Name of Mr. WALLER's Plot, and most Histories give but a dark Account of it. The Lord CLARENDON has endeavour'd to clear it, and was the better able to do it, for that he must have been very intimate with Mr. WALLER afterwards; and besides his Lordship says, "It was
" thought by many, and averr'd by others, who I
" believe did not think so, that I knew as much of
" it as any Man." He continues: "Mr. WAL-
" LER was look'd upon by all Men as a Person of
" very entire Affections to the King's Service, and
" the Establish'd Government of Church and State,
" and,

“ and, by having no manner of Relation to the
“ Court, had the more Credit and Interest to pro-
“ mote the Rights of it.” My Lord, in what fol-
lows, differs from the Manuscript, which, being
written by one of his nearest Relations, and who
dwelt in his Family, carries such credit with it, as
no other Account can prejudice; and that says, as
is before mention’d, “ When the War came on,
“ he did not leave the House, but followed the
“ Opinion of the Lord DORSET, and the Neuters;
“ and yet he forgot not to send the King a Thou-
“ sand Broad Pieces to NOTTINGHAM.” Where-
as his Lordship writes, “ When the Ruptures
“ grew so hot between the King and the Two
“ Houses, that very many of the Members with-
“ drew from those Councils: He among the rest,
“ with equal dislike, absented himself. But at the
“ time the Standard was set up, having Intimacy
“ and Friendship with some Persons, now of Near-
“ nefs about the King, with the King’s Approba-
“ tion he return’d to LONDON.” By which ’tis
plain, he did leave the House. Whether he did,
or did not, he spoke on all Occasions, when he was
there, with great Sharpness and Freedom; inso-
much that when the absent Members pretended,
“ they did not come to the House, because they
“ were not suffer’d to declare their Opinion freely;”
’twas objected, that was a groundless Pretence,
“ when all Men knew what Liberty Mr. WALLER
“ took, and spoke every Day with Impunity a-
“ gainst the Sense and Proceedings of the House.”
This won him a great Reputation with all who

wish'd the King well, and such Lords and Commons as really desired to prevent the Ruin of the Kingdom, entered into a great Familiarity with him, as a Man resolute in their Ends, and best able to promote them. All Men spoke their Minds freely to him, and thought themselves secure in his Fortune and Natural Wariness.

Mr. WALLER had a Sister marry'd to one Mr. TOMKINS, Clerk of the Queen's Council, a Gentleman of a very good Character, and great Interest and Reputation in the City, among those who were for the old Constitution, and disaffected to the Parliament; from whom he learnt the Disposition of the Citizens upon all Accidents, which he freely communicated to his Brother WALLER, as the latter imparted to him what Observations he made from those he convers'd with. Mr. WALLER told him how many Lords and Commons were for a Peace; Mr. TOMKINS made the same Relation with respect to the most substantial Men of LONDON: Which Mr. WALLER reported to the well-affected Members of both Houses, and Mr. TOMKINS to the well-affected Citizens; from whence they came to a Conclusion, that if they heartily united in the mutual Assistance of one another, they should be able to prevent those Tumults which seem'd to countenance the Distractions, and the Houses wou'd be induc'd to Terms of Moderation.

My Lord CONWAY at that Time coming from IRELAND, incens'd against the SCOTS, and discontented with the Parliament here, finding Mr. WALLER in good Esteem with the Earl of NORTHUM-

BERLAND,

BERLAND, and of great Friendship with the Earl PORTLAND, enter'd into the same Familiarity; and being a Soldier, in the Discourses they had, insinuated, that 'twas convenient to enquire into the Numbers of the Well-affected in the City, that they might know what they had to trust to: Which Mr. WALLER telling Mr. TOMKINS, the latter imparted it to his Confidants there; and 'twas agreed, " That some trusty Persons in every Parish " and Ward about LONDON should make a List of " all the Inhabitants, and by guessing of their several Affections, compute the Strength of the " Party which oppos'd an Accommodation, and " that which was for it." My Lord CLARENDON declares, he's persuaded the main Design of this Project was to form a sort of Association to oppose the levying Taxes to carry on the War, and to petition for a Peace; and that as to letting the King's Army into LONDON, or raising an Army there, or surprising the Parliament, or using any Violence in or on the City, he could never see Cause to believe it. But it unluckily happen'd, that while this Combination was on foot, Sir NICHOLAS CRISP procur'd a Commission of Array to be sent from OXFORD to LONDON, which was carry'd by the Lady AUBIGNY, and deliver'd to a Gentleman employ'd by Sir NICHOLAS to take it of her; and this being discover'd at the same time that Mr. WALLER's Plot was, the two Conspiracies were made into one; tho' the Noble Historian, who is our chief Guide in this Relation, is satisfy'd they were two distinct Designs, and gives such Reasons

for his Opinion as are very convincing. Thus all that Mr. WALLER was guilty of was a close Correspondence with the Men of Moderation, who were for accommodating Matters between his Majesty and the two Houses on safe and honourable Conditions, in order to which they had consulted together of some Measures to forward it. The Cunning Men in Parliament, who were charm'd with the Sweets of Power, could not bear any Projects that attack'd the Sovereignty they had usurp'd, and having a Common-wealth in view, would hear of no Peace, but on Terms which had reduc'd the Sovereign to a worse Condition than that of a Subject. The Leaders of this Party had always God and the Good old Cause in their Mouths, and the Multitude giving into the Deceit, 'tis no Wonder that to conspire against them was deem'd no less than Treason against Liberty and Religion, the Danger of which in a Military Administration is too obvious to need a Comment.

The Discovery of Mr. WALLER's Plot is variously reported. In the Manuscript which we take to be of undoubted Authority, for the Reasons before-mention'd, 'tis thus related. " Afterwards he " conferr'd with some Loyal Citizens and others, " about recovering the City into the King's Interest, in which he was betray'd by his Sister " PRICE, and her Presbyterian Chaplain Mr. " GOOD, who stole some of his Papers; and if he " had not strangely dream'd, the Night before he " was seiz'd, that his Sister betray'd him, and " thereupon

“ thereupon burnt the rest of his Papers by the
“ Fire left in his Chimney, he had certainly lost
“ his Life for it.” The Lord CLARENDON reports it otherwise, That a Servant of Mr. TOMKINS, who had cursorily overheard Mr. WALLER and his Master discourse of the Argument we are now upon, plac’d himself behind a Hanging, and heard them say enough to put him upon informing, in hopes of a Reward. Accordingly he went to Mr. PYM, one of the Heads of the Parliament Party, and told him all he knew; to which my Lord adds, or probably imagin’d. The Circumstances of the Publishing it were such as fill’d all Men with Apprehensions: ’Twas on WEDNESDAY the 31st of MAY, 1763, their solemn Fast-Day, when being all at their Sermon in St. MARGARET’S Church in WESTMINSTER, a Letter was brought to Mr. PYM, who with some of the most Active Members rose from their Seats, and after a little Whispering together went out of the Church. Orders were immediately sent to search their Prisoners, who were MALIGNANTS; and as soon as the Houses met, they were told “ Letters were intercepted going to the Court at OXFORD, that
“ express’d some notable Conspiracy in hand, to
“ deliver up the Parliament and the City into the
“ Hands of the Cavaliers, and that the Time for
“ the Execution of it drew very nigh.” Upon which a Committee was appointed to examine all Persons they thought fit, and to apprehend some nominated at that Time. Pursuant to which Mr.

WALLER and Mr. TOMKINS were apprehended the same Night, and others the next Day.

We shall not enter into the Particulars of the Prosecution of this Conspiracy, but only report in general the great Stir the Parliament made about it. They first blended Sir NICHOLAS CRISP's and Mr. WALLER's Projects together, and made the whole to contain four or five terrible Articles; "As seizing the King's Children, several Members of Parliament, the Lord-Mayor, the Out-works, Forts, and Tower of LONDON; the Magazines, Gates, &c. To let in the King's Army; to resist all Payments, by Arms; to suspend the whole Government of the City; and, in short, to master the Parliament." A very different Project from my Lord CLARENDON's, which terminates only in a little close Conversation how to bring about a Peace. But by his Description of Mr. WALLER's Behaviour, one would think he was conscious of somewhat more than what his Lordship lays to his Charge: For after our Author was seiz'd, my Lord tells us, "He was so confounded with Fear and Apprehension, that he confess'd whatever he had said, heard, thought or seen; all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any Person of what Degree or Quality soever, or any Discourse that he had ever upon any Occasion entertain'd with them: What such and such Ladies of great Honour, to whom, upon the Credit of his great Wit and very good Reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to
" him

“ him in their Chambers of the Proceedings in the
“ House; and how they had encourag’d him to
“ oppose them; what Correspondence and Inter-
“ course they had with some Ministers of State at
“ OXFORD, &c. He also accus’d the Earl of
“ PORTLAND and the Lord CONWAY of being
“ concern’d in the Agitations in the City, and the
“ Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND of wishing them
“ Success.” The Houses were or seem’d to be so
alarm’d at the Discovery of this Plot, that six Days
after they took a Sacred Vow and Covenant, which
was also taken by the City and Army, denouncing
War against the King more directly than they had
done before. We shall not detain the Reader with
the Tryals and Executions of Mr. TOMKINS and
Mr. CHALONER, but proceed to Mr. WALLER’S
Conduct and Sufferings. The Earl of PORTLAND
and the Lord CONWAY were imprison’d on his
Accusation, and often confronted with him before
the Committee, where they as peremptorily deny-
ing, as he charging them, and there being no other
Witness but he against them, they were kept a
while in Restraint, and then bail’d. My Lord
NORTHUMBERLAND, though charg’d by him to
be a Well-wisher to the Conspiracy, yet on account
of his great Reputation, was proceeded against
very tenderly. This Lord is the same to whom our
Author addresses two Poems in this Book, which
are misplaced, being written long before several
that precede them. To return to Mr. WALLER’S
Tryal: He was all this while in Custody of the
Officers who belong’d to the Council of War, by
whom

whom TOMKINS and CHALONER were condemn-
 ed. The same Historian informs us, that “ after
 “ he had with incredible Dissimulation acted such
 “ a Remorse of Conscience, that his Tryal was
 “ put off out of Christian Compassion, ’till he
 “ might recover his Understanding, (and that was
 “ not ’till the Heat and Fury of the Prosecutors
 “ was reasonably abated with the Sacrifices they
 “ had made) and by drawing Visitants to himself
 “ of the most Powerful Ministers of all Factions,
 “ had, by his Liberality and Penitence, his re-
 “ ceiving vulgar and vile Sayings from them with
 “ Humility and Reverence, as clearer Convictions
 “ and Informations than in his Life he had ever
 “ had; and distributing great Sums to them for
 “ their Prayers, and Ghostly Counsel; so satisfy’d
 “ them, that they satisfy’d others; was brought,
 “ at his Suit, to the House of Commons Bar.”
 For, as a Member of that House, he had appeal’d
 to them from the Council of War. When he ap-
 pear’d there, his Behaviour was not so ROMAN as
 his Muse, if my Lord CLARENDON’s Information
 be Authentick: “ Being, says he, a Man very
 “ Powerful in Language; and who, by what he
 “ spoke, and in the manner of speaking it, ex-
 “ ceedingly captivated the Good-will and Benevo-
 lence of his Hearers, which is the highest Part
 “ of an Orator, with such Flattery as was most
 “ exactly calculated to that Meridian, with such
 “ Submission as their Pride took delight in, and
 “ such dejection of Mind and Spirit as was like to
 “ cozen

“cozen the major Part:” He laid before them,
“Their own Danger and Concernment, if they
“should suffer one of their own Body, how Un-
“worthy and Monstrous soever, to be try’d by the
“Soldiers, who might thereby grow to that Power
“hereafter, that they wou’d both try those they
“wou’d not be willing shou’d be try’d, and for
“things which they would account no Crimes; the
“Inconvenience and insupportable Mischief where-
“of, all wise Commonwealths-Men had foreseen
“and prevented, by exempting their own Members
“from all Judgment but their own.” By these
and the like Arguments he prevail’d not to be
try’d by a Council of War, but was taken out of
the Custody of their Officers, and sent to the
Tower; where, according to Dr. BIRCH’s Infor-
mation, “He had Time to get his Friends to him,
“and with large Bribes he made some leading
“Members speak for him; insomuch that when
“his Case came to be adjudg’d, his Life was
“spar’d; but he was fin’d Ten Thousand Pound,
“Sequester’d and Banish’d.” The Noble Lord,
whose History has been so serviceable to us, in this
differs again a little from the Doctor: For im-
mediately after what he says of Mr. WALLER’s
Speech, he adds; “So that in Truth he does as
“much owe the keeping his Head to that Oration,
“as CATALINE did the loss of his to those of
“TULLY; and by having done ill very well, he,
“by degrees, drew that Respect to his Parts,
“which always carries some Compassion to the
“Person,

“ Person, that he got leave to compound for his
“ Transgression, and them to accept of Ten Thou-
“ sand Pounds (which their Affairs wanted) for
“ his Liberty : Whereupon he had leave to recol-
“ lect himself into another Country (for his Liberty
“ was to be in Banishment) how miserable he had
“ made himself, in obtaining that Leave to live
“ out of his own ; and there cannot be a greater
“ Evidence of the Inestimable Value of his Parts,
“ than that he liv’d, after this, in the good Affec-
“ tion and Esteem of many, the Pity of most, and
“ the Reproach and Scorn of few or none.” This
Judgment of him from a Man who all along turns
the Byass against him, will strengthen the Idea we
have conceiv’d of his great Sense and Eloquence ;
and all those Arts, which the Historian represents
with so much Disadvantage, he made use of to gain
the Assembly before whom he spoke, are so far
from being Unwarrantable, when a Man pleads
for his Life, that they exalt the Merit of the Ora-
tor, who so Powerfully triumphed over the Passions
of his Enemies, as tho’ he was most Guilty to be
the least Punish’d. We shall finish this Account
of Mr. WALLER’s Plot with observing, that tho’
’twas discover’d, it was an Advantage to the King,
by producing that severe Vow and Covenant, which
few swallow’d but by Compulsion, and many to
avoid it fled to OXFORD, whither also the Earl of
PORTLAND and the Lord CONWAY went as soon
as they had an Opportunity.

It is easy to be imagined, that such a Prosecu-
tion and Fine-must considerably lessen Mr. WAL-
LER’S

LER's Estate, which had receiv'd some Addition by his Marriages; but now he was forc'd to sell a Thousand Pound a Year to pay his Fine, and clear himself of the Danger he was in.

We cannot determine whether his Poems were first Printed before his Banishment or after; but 'tis most likely that it was after, because that the Plot was discover'd in 1643, and the first Edition of his Poems was in 1645, under the Title of "Poems, &c. Written by EDMOND WALLER of BECONSFIELD, Esq; lately a Member of the Honourable House of Commons:" To which is added, in the Title Page, "All the Lyrick Poems in this Book were set by Mr. HENRY LAWES, Gent. of the King's Chapel, and one of his Majesty's private Musick. This Book has a Dedication before it, but without a Name to it, which for the Reader's Entertainment is here preserv'd.

To my L A D Y.

Madam,

"YOUR Commands for the gathering these
 " Sticks into a Faggot had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my
 " whole Vintage, I stay'd till the latest Grapes
 " were ripe; for here your Ladyship has not only
 " all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this
 " kind: Not but that I may defend the Attempt I
 " have made upon Poetry, by the Examples (not
 " to

“ to trouble you with History) of many Wise and
“ Worthy Persons of our own Times ; as Sir PHILIP
“ SIDNEY, SIR FRANCIS BACON, Cardinal
“ PERRON, the ablest of his Countrymen ; and
“ the former Pope, who they say, instead of the
“ Triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivy,
“ as an Ornament, perhaps, of lesser Weight and
“ Trouble : But, Madam, these Nightingales sung
“ only in the Spring, it was the Diversion of their
“ Youth ; as Ladies learn to Sing and Play when
“ they are Children, what they forget when they
“ are Women : The Resemblance holds further,
“ for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the
“ Posture is suspected to draw the Body awry ; so
“ this is not always practised without some Villany
“ to the Mind, wresting it from present Occasions,
“ and accustoming us to a Style somewhat remov’d
“ from common Use. But that you may not think
“ his Case deplorable, who had made Verses ; we are
“ told, that TULLY (the greatest Wit among the
“ ROMANS) was once sick of this Disease, and yet
“ recover’d so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as
“ your Servant, he became the most perfect Orator
“ in the World. So that not so much to have made
“ Verses, as not to give over in Time, leaves a Man
“ without Excuse : The former presenting us with an
“ Opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to
“ conceal those we have made, which I shall yet do,
“ if my humble Request may be of as much force with
“ your Ladyship, as your Commands have been
“ with

“ with me: Madam, I only whisper these in your
“ Ears, if you publish them, they are your own;
“ and therefore as you apprehend the Reproach of
“ a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the Fire; or
“ if they come where green Boughs are in the
“ Chimney, with the help of your fair Friends,
“ (for thus bound, it will be too hard a Task for
“ your Hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein
“ you will honour me with the Fate of ORPHEUS;
“ for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the
“ Form, (not his Limbs, as the Story will have it)
“ I suppose we are scatter’d by the THRACIAN
“ Dames. Here, Madam, I might take an Op-
“ portunity to celebrate your Virtues, and to in-
“ struct you how happy you are, in that you know
“ not who you are: How much you excel the
“ most Excellent of your own, and how much you
“ amaze the least inclin’d to Wonder of our Sex.
“ But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship
“ for a ROMAN Name, so wou’d they believe that
“ I endeavour’d the Character of a perfect Nymph,
“ worship’d an Image of my own making, and
“ dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of
“ the Heart, of

“ Your Ladyship’s most humble Servant,

“ E. W.”

We find Poetry is no more in a Man’s Power than
Love, and that he who thinks he’s past it, may
carry the Passion with him to his Grave, as Mr.
WALLER did.

Our

Our Author being, as we have mention'd, condemn'd to Banishment, past over to FRANCE, taking his Lady's Jewels with him to support him. He liv'd here very hospitably at PARIS; and, except my Lord St. ALBANS, who was the Queen of ENGLAND's Prime Minister when she kept here Court there, there was no ENGLISH Table but Mr. WALLER's: Which was so costly to him, that he us'd to say he was at last come to the Rump Jewel.

He resided most part of the time he was in FRANCE, at ROAN; where MARGARET, his eldest Daughter by his Second Wife, was born. He was particularly fond of this Daughter, and she us'd to serve him as his AMANUENSIS. While he was in FRANCE, a surreptitious Edition of his Poems was publish'd, which occasion'd his permitting a genuine one.

We have been inform'd, but with no Certainty, that he was a Proprietor of the SUMMER-ISLANDS in AMERICA; but whether he was so or not, we cannot learn he ever went thither from FRANCE, as some have imagin'd from the Copy of Verses, "To Sir WILLIAM d'AVENANT upon his two
" first Books of GONDIBERT, written in FRANCE."

" Thus the wise Nightingale, that leaves her
" home,

" Her Native Wood, &c."

These also suppose he wrote the Battle of the SUMMER-ISLANDS after his Return, by the particular

ticular Description he gives of its Product and Situation; but we are apt to believe he never was there, and that if he was, he wrote it before; and indeed there are some Lines which shew 'twas written when SACHARISSA was his Wish and his Muse; why else should he cry

“ Oh how I long, my careless Limbs to lay
 “ Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
 “ With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
 “ Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein!
 “ No Passion there in my free Breast should move,
 “ None but the sweet and best of Passions, Love:
 “ There will I sing, if gentle Love be by,
 “ That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 “ With the sweet Sound of SACHARISSA's Name,
 “ I'll make the list'ning Savages grow tame.”

If he ever was in AMERICA, 'tis probable he return'd to FRANCE again; at which time it was that being reduc'd to the Rump Jewel, Colonel SCROOP, who had marry'd his Sister, interceded with OLIVER to let him return to ENGLAND, and his Estate, which was granted. His Generosity and Courtly Way of living, his Sufferings and Banishment, had now reduc'd his Patrimony to less than half of what it was when his Father dy'd. But he had still enough to support him like his Quality, and being so much of a Poet, as well in his Conduct as his Genius, we are inform'd his Estate continued still rather to diminish than increase. He resided mostly at HALL BARN near

BEACONSFIELD, he was on all Occasions called Mr. WALLER of BEACONSFIELD; the greatest Honour that poor but pleasant Town in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has to boast of. On his Return to ENGLAND he wrote his Panegyrick on OLIVER, as an Acknowledgment, in the Year 1654, and, an admirable Poem it is; for without Offence it may be said, that excepting the bad Title by which CROMWELL held his Greatness, his personal Qualifications render'd him a fit Subject for so fine a Muse; and the Poet, on that Occasion, was allow'd to draw a Veil over his Tyranny and Usurpation. The Usurper lov'd, or affected to love, Men of Wit; and he had Incense offer'd him by more Pens than one, as Mr. SPRAT, Mr. DRYDEN, and others, who had not Mr. WALLER'S Excuse. He delighted, or pretended to delight, in the Conversation of such Men; how then could Mr. WALLER escape him, especially being his Kinsman. He frequently waited on the Usurper, and, as he often declar'd, observ'd him to be very well read in the GREEK and ROMAN Story; for his rude Cant and Spiritual Simplicity were downright Affectation: Than which nothing can be more evident from Mr. WALLER'S Observation, and his Confession to him. Our Author often took Notice, that in the midst of their Discourse a Servant has come in to tell him such and such attended; upon which CROMWELL would rise, and stop them, talking at the Door, where he could overhear him say, "The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help," and several such Expressions; which when he return'd

turn'd to Mr. WALLER he excus'd, saying, " Cou-
" sin WALLER, I must talk to these Men after
" their own Way ;" and would then go on where
they left off. This created in Mr. WALLER an
Opinion, that he secretly despis'd those whom he
seem'd to court.

'Tis plain enough, by our Author's Poems, that
he fell in with his Kinsman the Protector's Interest,
at his Return from Banishment, and was of that
Party who wou'd have had CROMWELL assume the
Title of King, which OLIVER was fond enough
of ; and 'tis said, he intended to put the great
Wealth he took from the SPANIARDS to the Use
Mr. WALLER mention in his Poems " Of a War
" with SPAIN, and Fight at Sea, in the Year
" 1656," which ends thus ;

" His Conqu'ring Head has no more room for Bays :
" Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,
" Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
" And the State fix'd, by making him a Crown."

The Usurper's Parliament were for it, but he
found the Army and the Republicans wou'd not like
it ; and so, with a forc'd Negative, ended this
grateful Contest. We have not learn'd, that OLIV-
VER ever took him further into his Confidence or
Favour, or that he contributed any thing to his
Fortune. Yet the Remembrance of his calling him
from Exile, and perhaps his Respect for his Person,
lasted when he could neither hurt him nor serve him.

When he was gone to receive his Reward, then did Mr. WALLER write that Poem, " On the Death
" of the Protector, in the Year 1658."

" We must resign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
" In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame."

In which Paper of Verses there's as much Elevation as in any in the Collection; a true Sign that the Subject touch'd him. Not but that Mr. WALLER could and did turn his Muse to the other Hand; for 'tis an ill Poet that knows not how to trim; and when OLIVER has on other Occasions lain in his Way, he has not had so good a Word for him. In his Epitaph on Mr. CHARLES CAVENDISH, he has other Sentiments of his Kinsman.

" CROMWELL, with Odds of Numbers and of
" Fate,

" Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;

" Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,

" And made his Task, to ruin both, less hard."

When King CHARLES the Second was restored, Mr. WALLER early congratulated him, by that Poem, " To the King, upon his Majesty's happy
" Return in the Year 1660;" in which the Sense of the Publick Guilt occasions a Spirit of Humility, if the Phrase may be us'd, to reign through it; there are, however, some Starts and Turns worthy his Subject and Genius. His Majesty always us'd him with great Humanity, and he was look'd on as one of the Reigning Wits of his Court, where Wit
had

had taken her Seat on the Throne; for the King had his share of it among the brightest of his Subjects, and the Foreigners of Quality, whom his Accession to the Crown frequently invited over. About this Time Monsieur ST. EVREMOND, famous for the Excellence of his Talent, and the Politeness of his Conversation, being forc'd to leave FRANCE, came to the Court of ENGLAND, and the Affinity there was between Mr. WALLER's Genius and his, made him enter into a close Friendship with him, which lasted to our Author's Death: Their Ages, their Humours, their Taste, 'their Talents had a very great Semblance with each other. When Monsieur ST. EVREMOND went from ENGLAND to HOLLAND, where he stay'd four or five Years, he gave Mr. WALLER his Papers to keep for him, a good Part of which was lost in the Confusion of the Plague Time at LONDON, 1665. Monsieur ST. EVREMOND's returning and settling in ENGLAND might very well be in part occasion'd by the Inducement he receiv'd from his Converse with Mr. WALLER and Mr. COWLEY, of whom he had a great Opinion, and a particular Esteem for the former.

King CHARLES, in his Diversions at the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's, and other Places, always made Mr. WALLER a Party, excusing his drinking with the Company; upon which Mr. SAVILLE us'd to say, "No Man in ENGLAND should keep him Company without drinking, but NED WALLER."

It is said he had a Hand in the REHEARSAL, with Mr. CLIFFORD, Mr. COWLEY, and some

other Wits, and that it was at first written like a Comment on several Plays; but the Duke thinking the Method was too grave, and the Raillery not piquant enough, took his Hints from thence, and turn'd the Comment into a Comedy. We have been told this by Persons very conversant in his Grace's Family, and it carries Probability with it, especially if Mr. COWLEY liv'd long enough to be Witness of some of the Noise and Nonsense which was brought on the State, and is there exploded.

Tho' Mr. WALLER had suffer'd for the Crown, and was so welcome always to the King, he gave him nothing but a Grant of the Provostship of EATON; which Grant was truly nothing, for another disputed it with him, and he was advis'd not to defend it. Indeed when, about 1683, his Cousin JOHN HAMPDEN, Esq; Grandson of Colonel HAMPDEN before mention'd, was prosecuted for High Treason, he had the Favour of obtaining his Pardon, and protecting his Son from the need of one. His Temper was such, that he could not push his Interest, as other Selfish Men would have done, and being born to a great Estate, and having a plentiful one still left, he might not be willing to take the mean Steps, and make the base Compliances necessary to raise or enlarge a Fortune. He was besides of an Age not fit for the Fatigue of Politicks; and tho' he sat in several Parliaments after the Restoration, he is seldom or never mention'd in those Affairs; neither did his old Borough of AGMONDESHAM use to send him, but he was
chosen

chosen for a CORNISH Borough by the Interest of
 some of his Friends. He wou'd never be in the
 Commission of the Peace or Lieutenancy. Not-
 withstanding the Promise he made the Lady, in the
 Letter before the first Edition of his Poems, he
 wrote on, and made his Poetry one of his greatest
 Amusements, whose Life it self was hardly any
 thing more than an Amusement. He wrote several
 Poems besides these, but either lost them, or never
 gave them the last Hand. He set a great Value on
 CORNEILLE's Plays, and joyn'd with the Lord
 BUCKHURST in the Translation of his POMPEY.
 CORNEILLE had the Pleasure of knowing he was
 honour'd so far by Mr. WALLER, as to have his
 Works translated by him. For Monsieur ST. EVRE-
 MOND having prais'd CORNEILLE in his Disserta-
 tion on the ALEXANDER of RACINE, CORNEILLE
 return'd him Thanks, in a Letter he wrote to him
 for that purpose; and Monsieur ST. EVREMOND
 says in his Answer, " Mr. WALLER, one of the
 " finest Wits of the Age, is always watching for
 " your News Pieces, and never fails Translating
 " an Act or Two into ENGLISH Verse for his par-
 " ticular Satisfaction. You are the only Writer of
 " our Nation, whose Sentiments have the Advan-
 " tage to touch his. He owns we Write and
 " Speak well in FRENCH; but you, he says, are
 " the only FRENCHMAN who knows how to Think.
 " Monsieur VOSSIUS, the greatest Admirer of
 " GREECE, who can't bear the least Comparison
 " between the LATINS and GREEKS, prefers you
 " to SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES. After two

“ such favourable Suffrages, you surprize me to
 “ tell me your Reputation’s attack’d in FRANCE.”
 What a Loss has PARNASSUS, in the losing or
 sinking all those Versions: For ’tis plain he did
 more than his Share in POMPEY. He continu’d to
 the last in the full Vigour of his Genius, as if the
 Immortality which he’ll meet with in his Works
 was to commence in this World. The Verses he
 wrote, when he was almost fourscore, before the
 Earl of ROSCOMMON’S Translation of HORACE’S
 Art of Poetry, have not the least Marks of Age
 about them.

“ By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
 “ We learn that Sound as well as Sense persuades.”

Who wou’d think That and many more Couplets
 in that Poem, were written by a Man twelve Years
 beyond his Climaterick; and he wrote on still, and
 still with Beauty and Spirit.

His Verses “ on the Duke of MONMOUTH’S
 “ Expedition to SCOTLAND,” shew he was no
 Well-wisher to the Party which oppress that Prince
 after his Success there.

“ But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat,
 “ With scorching Rays, on all that’s high and
 “ great;
 “ This, ill-requited MONMOUTH, is the Bough
 “ The Muses fend, to shade thy conqu’ring Brow.
 “ Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present Blaze,
 “ But Time and Thunder pays Respect to Bays.”

Where

Where perhaps the LAUREAT is not forgotten, who in his ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL, and other Poems, had not forgot this Duke, to make his Court to those he thought would keep uppermost.

Mr. WALLER must be above Fourscore when he wrote the Poem, Entitled, "A Preface of the "Ruin of the TURKISH Empire, presented to his "Majesty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day." That Prince was very gracious to him: His Merit and his Years claim'd double Reverence, and the Fire which, tho' a fainter Flame, still burnt to the last, made his Company to the last agreeable. His Majesty one time order'd my Lord SUNDERLAND to bid him see him in the Afternoon: When he came, the King carry'd him into his Closet, and there ask'd him "how he lik'd such a Picture." "Sir," says Mr. WALLER, "my Eyes are dim, "and I know not who it is." The King reply'd, "Tis the Princess of ORANGE" "And," says Mr. WALLER, "she is like the greatest Woman "in the World. Who do you call so?" answer'd the King. "Queen ELIZABETH," said he. "I "wonder, Mr. WALLER," reply'd the King, "you should think so; but I must confess she had "a wise Council. And Sir," said Mr. WALLER, "did your Majesty ever know a Fool chuse a wise "One?" The King had room for Reflection here; but it cannot be suppos'd a Man of our Author's Discretion, and good Breeding, could mean any thing his Majesty would take ill. Mr. WALLER
sometime

sometime after being known to resolve to marry his Daughter and Favourite to Dr. BIRCH, the King was prevail'd with to endeavour to hinder it, as the Doctor inform'd us himself, and for that end order'd a FRENCH Gentleman of Quality to tell him, "that the King wonder'd he could have any Thoughts of marrying his Daughter to a Falling Church." He made answer, "Sir, the King does me very great Honour to take any Notice of my Domestick Affairs; but I have liv'd long enough to observe, that this Falling Church has got a Trick of rising again." It is not to be doubted but that he was in the Secret of the Revolution; for he would often say, "the King would be left like a Whale upon the Strand." But he charg'd some about him not to meddle, 'till they saw the Prince of ORANGE actually landed, and his Son and Heir, EDMOND WALLER, Esq; then went in to the Prince.

'Twas now that he began to turn his Muse towards Heaven, for which Flight his Soul had been preparing.

He wrote the six Canto's "of Divine Love," after he was Fourscore: Two Canto's "of Divine Poësie, occasioned upon Sight of the 53d Chapter of ISAIAH turn'd into Verse by Mrs. WHARTON," the present Earl of WHARTON's first Lady. Mr. WALLER living in great Intimacy and Friendship with that Family, his Neighbours at WINCHENDON, he wrote "on the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer," written also by Mrs. WHARTON, a Lady whose Wit and Virtue render'd her the

the Admiration of both Sexes ; and 'twas this excellent Paraphrase that induc'd him to write some " Reflections on the several Petitions in the same " Prayer. He intended to crown all his Labours with the Poem " Of the last Verses in the Book," which can never be too much admir'd. So natural are the Images, so lively the Representation of Old Age, so feelingly the Author speaks of its Infirmities, and all is so Poetical. Never did Old Bard sing with a sweeter and more charming Voice.

" The Seas are quiet when the Winds give o'er,
" So calm are we when Passions are no more,"

Again,

" Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
" That stand upon the Threshold of the New."

Upon this is a very good Copy of Verses in Mr. DRYDEN'S Third Miscellany ; the four last Lines of which are,

" Still here remain, still on the Threshold stand,
" Still at this Distance view the promis'd Land ;
" Tho' thou mayst seem, so heav'nly is thy Sense,
" Not going thither, but new come from thence."

The next Poem to this, in the same Miscellany, by Mr. TALBOT, on Mr. WALLER'S " Divine " Love," speaks also the Praise of the Divine Writer. However this was not his last Poem, for at Four-score and Two, in 1687, he wrote two Canto's " Of the Fear of God," which never yet appear'd
in

in Print. He gave them to Mr. THOMAS ELWOOD of COLESHILL, whose Love of Letters and Humanity made his Conversation much desired by Mr. WALLER, at that melancholy pleasant Village, where we could not pass thro' the Woods without envying those Shades which Mr. WALLER had so often made happy with his Songs. He purchas'd a small Estate there in his old Age, with a little House, to which he frequently retir'd, but did not stay long. He was always inclinable to be passionate, the Fire of his Muse shews he had a share of it in his Temper, and when he was old it was most predominant, but he was soon allay'd by the Interposition of his Friends. Mr. ELLWOOD read that Poem of the "Fear of God" to him, the last time he saw him at his House at BEACONSFIELD; but Sickness and Death follow'd so close, that Mr. WALLER had not Time to revise and polish it, as otherwise he might perhaps have done in some Places.

His Constitution being as vigorous as his Muse, 'twas not to be broken but by a Disease which triumphs over Youth as often as Age, the Dropsie. In the Summer of 1688 his Legs began to swell, and being at BEACONSFIELD he took Dr. BIRCH with him to Sir CHARLES SCARBOROUGH, first Physician to King JAMES, then in Attendance at WINDSOR: When he found him, he said, "He came to him as an old Friend, as well as Physician, to ask him what that swelling meant.

Sir

Sir CHARLES said plainly, "Why, Sir, your Blood
"will run no longer." Upon which Mr. WALLER
repeated some admirable Verses out of VIRGIL,
suitable to the Occasion, about the Condition of
Human Life, and receiv'd his Sentence very com-
posedly.

His last Poems shew us, that his last Years were
spent in Divine Studies, and that he had fortified
himself against this Hour by Spiritual Meditations,
and making his Peace with Heaven. And this
Christian Composure of Mind has something much
more solid and sublime in it than the vain Con-
stancy of PETRONIUS ARBITER, whom he once
imitated, as far as his Religion would permit, and
within the Bounds of Decency: Who, when NERO
sought after his Life, dy'd as gallantly as he liv'd,
with his Musick and Dancers about him; and in-
dulging himself with what he most took Pleasure
in when he was the Emperor's Favourite: But he
did not know there was any thing else to be done,
but to die. Our Christian PETRONIUS with the
same Ease heard, that he was to live no longer;
but it was because, by an entire Contrition, he
had prepar'd himself a way to a Life the ROMANS
never heard of. Upon the sad increase of Mr.
WALLER's Disease, he order'd his Son-in-law, Dr.
BIRCH, to desire all his Children to join with him,
and to give him the Holy Sacrament: He at the
same time profess'd his Christian Faith, with great
Earnestness telling them, he remember'd the Duke
of BUCKINGHAM once talk'd profanely before King
CHARLES, and that he told him, "My Lord, I

" am

“ am a great deal older than your Grace, and
 “ believe I have heard more Argument for Atheism
 “ than ever your Grace did, but I have liv’d long
 “ enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I
 “ hope your Grace will.” He remov’d some
 time before his Death from BECONSFIELD to
 LONDON, where he dy’d. He being once carry’d
 to COLESHILL to dine, said, “ He should be glad
 “ to die like the Stag, where he was rouz’d.” But
 he departed this Life in Autumn 1688, having
 often said he should die at that Time of the Year.

Mr. WALLER left several Children behind him,
 but not above Twelve or Thirteen Hundred Pounds
 a Year of the Estate, which he bequeath’d to his
 Second Son, EDMOND WALLER, Esq; before men-
 tion’d: His Eldest, BENJAMIN, being so far from
 inheriting his Father’s Wit, that he had not a com-
 mon Portion; so he was sent to JERSEY, a Colony
 in the WEST-INDIES, where he’s still living in
 Obscurity and Oblivion. His Third Son was Mr.
 WILLIAM WALLER, a Merchant of LONDON;
 and his Fourth, Dr. STEPHEN WALLER, a fa-
 mous Civilian, who was one of the Commissioners
 appointed for the Union of the Two Kingdoms. A
 Fifth Son there was, but we can’t give any account
 of him. The Inscription on the Monument informs
 us, that there were Five Sons and Eight Daughters
 by the Second Wife; as MARGARET, the Eldest,
 who is dead; MARY, the Wife of Dr. BIRCH,
 dead also; as is another marry’d to ----- HERVEY
 of SUFFOLK, Esq; another marry’d ----- TIPPING
 of OXFORDSHIRE, Esq; ELIZA, still living un-
 marry’d,

marry'd, Executrix with her Brother EDMOND WALLER, Esq; DOROTHY, a Dwarf, who was sent into the North of ENGLAND; another, whose Name we have not learnt; and OCTAVIA, so call'd for being the Eighth. Mr. EDMOND WALLER his Heir us'd to be chosen for AGMONDESHAM, and in the Parliament never espous'd the Court or Country Party, but as he thought for their mutual Interest, whence he was generally look'd upon as the Head of the Flying Squadron. He accepted of the Commissions which his Father refus'd, and was esteem'd in his Country as a very honest Gentleman, and a Man of good Sense. Nor was he without a Taste in Poetry, and a Vein which wou'd have shin'd more, had it not been set so near his Father's, whose Brightness outshone all others. We have seen several Copies of Verses written by him, most indeed upon Religious Subjects, and particularly one on Divine Worship, alluding to some Verses in HORACE, where he hangs up his Votive Offerings after a Poem.

“ ----When Love divine our Breast enflames,
“ It calms the Mind, and all our Passions tames :
“ Down sink the Hills, and Mountains melt away,
“ The Vallies rise, and Night is turn'd to Day.
“ The Waters to their bidden Seats remove,
“ And with the Olive Leaf returns the Dove ;
“ The Ark then rests, and Man's again restor'd,
“ And NOAH builds an Altar to the Lord.”

In the latter part of his Life he embrac'd the Sect of the QUAKERS, which Dr. BIRCH seem'd to deny

deny to us, urging, that his laying out so much Money on a Tomb for his Father, argu'd he cou'd not be " a QUAKER, for that those Men are profess'd Despisers of all such Rights:" But that he liv'd so some time before his Death, and dy'd so, is known to all in those Parts, and is prov'd by his Will; for dying A. D. 1699, Eleven Years after his Father at the BATH, he order'd by his Testament that a certain Sum should be laid out on his Funeral, and if there was an Overplus, it shou'd be distributed among his Poor Friends the QUAKERS in that Place, where his Body was interr'd, which he directed to be with the QUAKERS, and it was done so accordingly in their Burying-Ground five or six Miles from BATH, the Mayor and Aldermen of that City attending it thither. The Mother of this Gentleman oblig'd him to promise he would lay out Three Hundred Pounds in a Monument for his Father, and 'twas in Performance of that Promise the fine Tomb was erected over Mr. WALLER's Grave, twelve Years after he was bury'd, by his Son's Executors, Mrs. ELIZA WALLER, JOHN FANSHAW, Esq; and HENRY GOULD, Esq; This Monument is in the Church-yard where the WALLERS were bury'd, in little better than a common Grave, but now the Vault's enlarg'd, and the Tomb has all the Advantages and Decorations that cou'd be desir'd to honour the Remains of so great a Man. But before we say any thing further of this Monument, we must give some Account of that more Glorious One rais'd by himself, his Works.

Immediately

Immediately after the Decease of our Author came out a small Collection of Poems upon him, PANEGYRICKS and ELEGIES, written by Monsieur ST. EVREMOND, Sir THOMAS HIGGINS, the Honourable GEORGE GRENVILLE, Esq; Sir ROBERT COTTON, Mr. RYMER, and others: And his Death, tho' in a very good old Age, was as much lamented, as if he had been taken off in the Flower of his Youth. He had so many rare Qualities, that cou'd not but charm all who knew him; his Conversation being as Polite as his Muse: His Wit flow'd without Gall, and even his Raillery was delicate and just.

Nor was his Reputation confin'd to ENGLAND only; he was known to all the Polite World, whatever Language they spoke; and the politest of that Nation, which pretends to have the greatest Hand in polishing all others, did him as much Justice as his own Countrymen. MR. DE LA FONTAINE, whose TALES and FABLES are held in such Admiration in all Places where the FRENCH Tongue is known, (and where is it that it is not?) speaks with the greatest Deference in the World of Mr. WALLER's Merit: Writing to Monsieur DE BONREPAUX then in ENGLAND, and afterwards the FRENCH Envoy to one of the Northern Crowns, he says, " J'ay tant entendu dire de bien de Monsieur WALLER, que Son approbation me comble de Joie:" " I have heard so much said in the Praise of Mr. WALLER, that I'm overjoy'd with his Approbation." And speaking of what that Gentleman had written to him of WINDSOR, he says, " Il y

“ a plusieurs choses Considerables, entre autres
 “ vos deux ANACREONS Monsieur de ST. EVRE-
 “ MOND & Monsieur WALLER, en qui L’Imagin-
 “ tion & L’Amour ne finissent point : “ There are
 “ several Things considerable, among others, your
 “ two ANACREONS, Monsieur DE ST. EVRE-
 “ MOND, and Mr. WALLER, of whose Imagina-
 “ tion and Love there’s no end.” Monsieur ST.
 EVREMOND had a particular Esteem and Friend-
 ship for him: Writing to the same Mr. DE LA
 FONTAINE, soon after his Death, he says, “ Mon-
 “ sieur WALLER, dont nous regrettons la Perte,
 “ a pousse la vigueur de l’Esprit jusqu’ a l’Age de
 “ quatre-vinge-deux ans.” “ Mr. WALLER, whose
 “ Loss we mourn, enjoy’d the full Vigour of his
 “ Wit at Fourscore and Two Years of Age.

The Characters of LA FONTAINE and ST.
 EVREMOND are such, that nothing can advance
 Mr. WALLER’s Reputation more than the Esteem
 of two such Men, two of the greatest Wits of the
 Age; and the Praise which comes from Foreigners,
 of a Nation too apt to have too good an Opinion of
 themselves, and too bad a one of us, must have
 more weight with it, than the Applause of his own
 Countrymen, which was universal, and will be
 immortal. ’Twas the Politeness of his Manners,
 as well as the Excellence of his Genius, which en-
 dear’d him to these foreign Wits. All the World
 knows, Mr. ST. EVREMOND was polite almost to
 a Fault, for ev’ry Virtue has its opposite Vice, and
 this has Affectation; and yet writing to my Lord
 ST. ALBANS, he says, “ Mr. WALLER vous garde
 “ une

“ une Conversation delicieuse, je ne suis pas si vain
 “ de vous parleur de Mienne.” “ Mr. WALLER
 “ keeps a delicious Conversation for you, I am not
 “ so vain as to mention mine.” This is sufficient
 to shew the Opinion Strangers had of his Manners,
 a Taste of which will be met with in his Life; for
 he, who successively liv’d in great Familiarity and
 Friendship with my Lord FALKLAND, Sir FRAN-
 CIS WAINMAN, the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
 the Earl of HOLLAND, the Earl of LEICESTER,
 the Countess of CARLISLE, the Earl of ST. AL-
 BANS, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earl of
 DORSET, the Earl of ROCHESTER, Sir CHARLES
 SIDLEY, the Dutchess of MAZARINE, Monsieur
 BONREPAUX, Monsieur ST. EVREMOND, and
 many other Persons of the same Rank and Charac-
 ter; he, who was carefs’d by all the Princes and
 Princesses, his Contemporaries in ENGLAND, and
 whom his very Enemies cannot but extol for his
 Wit and Eloquence, must have been a Man of so
 agreeable a Conversation, that we may despair of
 producing such another; as ROME could boast of
 but one PETRONIUS. We shall close what we
 intend to say of his Manners, and Personal Endow-
 ments, with the Earl of CLARENDON’s short Cha-
 racter of him; “ There was of the House of Com-
 mons one Mr. WALLER, a Gentleman of very
 “ good Fortune and Estate, and of admirable Parts
 “ and Faculty of Wit, and of an intimate Conver-
 “ sation with those who had that Reputation.”
 This, and what has been taken out of his Lord-

ship's History, which has Respect to Mr. WALLER's Qualities, confirm the Judgment we endeavour to form of him, that he was one of the most polite, the most gallant, and the most witty Men of his Time, and he supported that Character above half a Century.

The difficultest Part of this Undertaking is to give an Account of him as a Poet, to shew the Beauty and Merit of his Works. Who can pretend to put them in a Scale, and have Strength enough in his Hand to hold the Ballance? We can only aim at it, and our Respect for the Author will, 'tis hop'd, excuse the Presumption.

Mr. WALLER was certainly the Father of our ENGLISH VERSIFICATION. FAIRFAX is said to have given him the first Taste of Numbers, and indeed in his Version of the GIERUSALEMME there's much more Harmony than in the FAIRY QUEEN. A noble Lord (his Grace the Duke of B—M) who is himself a very good Judge of Poesie, and a very good Poet, has heard Mr. WALLER declare that it was to FAIRFAX he ow'd the Harmony and Sweetness of his VERSIFICATION.

Mr. DRYDEN tells us, Mr. WALLER us'd to say he could never read CHAPMAN'S HOMER without Transport; it must not be for the Musick of his Verse, but the Beauties of the Original, which he preserv'd in his Translation.

As great a Genius as Mr. WALLER had, he sometimes trifled with it too much, and lavished his Gift on the smallest Poetry, tho' he was qualify'd for the greatest; as may be seen by some

Flight

Flights in his short occasional Poems, Dr. SYL-
VESTRE, in his Edition of Mr. DE ST. EVRE-
MOND'S Works, says, " Mr. EDMOND WALLER,
" s'est generally fait admirer par la delicateſſe
" & l'Elevation de ſon Eſprit; Ses Poefies ont
" quelque choſe de ſi Grand & de ſi Noble qu'il
" n'y a Point d'Auteur Anglois qui en ait encore
" approche." " Mr. EDMOND WALLER was ge-
" nerally admir'd for the Delicacy and Elevation of
" his Genius; there's ſomething ſo grand and ſo
" noble in his Poems, that no ENGLISH Author
" has ever yet come up to it." Notwithſtanding
this Aſſertion, we muſt confeſs that there is ſome-
thing more grand and more noble in MILTON:
But then MILTON'S Subject gave him a greater
Occaſion, and Mr. WALLER'S Reputation will not
ſuffer by our owning that he who for Dignity is
above VIRGIL, and even HOMER, has ſomething
more noble and more grand in his Epick Poems,
than Mr. WALLER in his gallant. Let any one
read with Judgment his Poem to the Queen, and
then decide whether there's any Fire and Elevation
wanting.

" The Lark, that ſhuns on lofty Boughs to build
" Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field:
" But if the Promise of a cloudleſs Day,
" AURORA ſmiling, bids her riſe and play,
" Singing ſhe mounts, &c."

Can any thing be finer, more ſpiritous, and more
gallant, than what he cloſes the Poem with?

" None might the Mother of **ACHILLES** be,
 " But the fair Pearl and Glory of the Sea ;
 " The Man to whom great **MARCO** gives such Fame,
 " From the Bed of heav'nly **VENUS** came ;
 " And our next **CHARLES** (whom all the Stars design
 " Like Wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

And in his Advice to a Painter, written when he was Threescore, his Address to the King ends very nobly :

" Had the Old **GREEKS** discover'd your Abode,
 " **CRETE** had not been the Cradle of their God ;
 " On that small Island they had look'd with scorn,
 " And in **GREAT BRITAIN** thought the Thund'rer
 " born.

Fine also are those Lines of his in that Poem ;

" Painter, excuse me, if I have a while
 " Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Style ;
 " For tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they sit,
 " The Task in Battle does the Muses fit ;
 " They in the dark Confusion of a Fight
 " Discover all, instruct us how to write ;
 " And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
 " Hid in the Smoke and Tumult of the Field.

What he has translated of the Fourth Book of **VIRGIL**, shews he might have dealt in the **EPICK** Strein as well as others :

" So

“ So to mad PENTHEUS, double THEBES appears,
 “ And Furies howl in his distemper’d Ears :
 “ ORESTES so, with like Distraction tofs’d,
 “ Is made to fly, &c.

But he was a Man of Pleasure, as well as Wit ; the Labour of HEROICKS did not suit with his Indolence : He wrote for his Amusement, and Fame came upon him unsought for : How he wou’d have succeeded in the DRAMA, we are not able to judge, he having attempted nothing in that kind that was capable of Success in ENGLISH ; what he did of POMPEY, CORNEILLE is to answer for ; what he alter’d from FLETCHER, is so little, that neither the Beauties nor Faults of the MAID’S TRAGEDY can be attributed to him. It is certain by his Verses to the Author, he had a great Opinion of that Play, he having several Couplets on it, besides these :

“ I never yet the Tragick Scene assay’d,
 “ Deterr’d by that inimitable MAID ;
 “ And when I venture at the Comick Style,
 “ Thy scornful Lady seems to mock thy Toil.

He wrote also a Poem on BEN. JOHNSON, with whom and Mr. FLETCHER, ’tis probable, he was very conversant, they being both his Contemporaries, as well as DRYDEN, OTWAY, SHADWELL, &c. To which we may add SHAKESPEAR ; for he was a Member of the House of Commons three or four Years after that Poet’s Death : However his DRAMATICK ESSAYS were not so esteem’d by him,

as to be preserv'd or publish'd, tho' he was a great Admirer of the DRAMA. The same Reason which hinder'd his Attempt in the Epick Kind might also fright him from the Scene, and keep him from cultivating a latent Talent. There's Fatigue in the DRAMA, as well as in the other, and Mr. WAE-
LER was not for things of Toil or Breath. He imitated the Noble Wits of the Antients, TIBULLUS, OVID, and others, who wrote for the Entertainment of themselves, their Mistresses, and their Friends, which included the great and the fair: And how can Poetry be better employ'd, 'till the Severity of the GRÆCIAN Stage comes to be restor'd.

Our Author is most properly plac'd among the Lyrick Writers; and he is the best in that Kind of the ENGLISH, and perhaps of the Moderns; his Fancy is so fine, his Language so elegant, his Thoughts so just, his Rhimes so good, his Turn so gallant, and his Ear so musical. 'Tis not to be doubted but he was a Lover and an Imitator of ANACREON, and had also a Veneration for CATULLUS, of whose two different Manners he has form'd One, which is as gallant as that of CATULLUS, and as easy as that of ANACREON: For in a hundred Places one may see that he follows the Ancients, tho' never servilely, as Mr. BOILEAU and other FRENCH Poets have done, whose Merit consists chiefly in their Thefts from Antiquity; on which Occasion we cannot but remember what Monsieur ST. EVREMOND says of our Author in his
Discourse

Discourse " Des Belles Lettres. Je n'ai point,"
 said he, " connu d'Homme a qui l'Antiquite soit si
 " obligee qu'a Monsieur WALLER; Il lui prete
 " sa belle Imagination aussi bien que Son Intelli-
 " gence fine & delicate; en sorte qu'il entre dans
 " l'Esprit des Anciens non seulement pour bien
 " entendre ce qu'ils ont pense, mais pour embellir
 " encore Leurs pensees. I never knew a Man
 " to whom Antiquity is so much oblig'd, as to Mr.
 " WALLER: He lends her his beautiful Imagina-
 " tion, as also his fine and delicate Understanding;
 " so that he enters into the Genius of the Ancients,
 " not only to understand rightly what they thought,
 " but to embellish their Thoughts still more."

That Mr. WALLER imitated ANACREON, will
 appear to any one who knows that Manner, and in
 his FRENCH Friends Works, 'tis often mention'd.
 But the Happiness of our Author's Imitation of
 ANACREON will best be seen in his Poems to AMAR-
 ET and PHILLIS, especially this:

" PHILLIS, why shou'd we delay
 " Pleasures shorter than the Day?
 " Cou'd we (which we never can)
 " Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
 " Beauty like a Shadow flies,
 " And our youth before us dies.
 " Or wou'd Youth and Beauty stay,
 " Love has Wings and will away.
 " Love has swifter Wings than Time."

Nothing

Nothing can be more soft, more easy, and more in the ANACREONTICK Way.

As to the Verses written after the Manner of CATULLUS, where is there any thing more gallant than the ODE, if we may use the Term, beginning thus?

- “ Anger is hasty, Words and Blows
- “ Itself discharges on its Foes :
- “ And Sorrow too finds some Relief
- “ In Tears, which wait upon our Grief :
- “ So ev’ry Passion, but fond Love,
- “ Unto its own Redress does move ;
- “ But that alone, &c.

’Tis a wonder how Mr. WALLER comes to be charg’d with want of Fire, when he’s so full of Metaphors and Similes, which, as PERE RAPIN says, proceed from the Heat and Abundance of the Imagination ; tho’ in the PATHETICK they are nice and dangerous, yet in witty and gallant Poems what can be more beautiful and great ! Mr. WALLER never, or but very rarely, makes use of any which do not embellish and raise the Subject ; and in this, tho’ he has been imitated to Extravagance by almost all the ENGLISH Poets since, he has still been found inimitable. To instance in a few Examples. In the First Poem, “ To the
“ King ;”

- “ So Jove from IDA did both Hosts survey,
- “ And when he pleas’d to Thunder, part, &c.

We will not say the whole Verse, because the last Words, " the Fray," is a Negligence hardly excusable when us'd of Battles at Sea. In the Verses
" On my Lady ISABELLA playing on the Lute :"

" Thus the Fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
" And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes ;
" So NERO once with Harp in Hand survey'd
" His Flaming ROME, and as it burnt he play'd."

Is not that gallant ; What has CATULLUS said finer ? Again, on the Death of the Usurper CROMWELL in a Storm :

" ----- So ROMULUS was lost.

" New ROME in such a Tempest mis'd her King,
" And from obeying fell to Worshipping.
" On OETA'S Top thus HERCULES lay dead,
" With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread."

And in that incomparable Poem, " Anger in
" hasty Words, &c" where he speaks of his being
asham'd of the Meannesses of Love, and returning
to them again immediately.

" So the tall Stag, upon the Brink
" Of some smooth Stream about to drink,
" Surveying there his armed Head,
" With Shame remembers that he fled
" The scorn'd Dogs ; resolves to try
" The Combat next : But if they cry
" Invades again his trembling Ear,
" He streight resumes his wonted Care,
" Leaves the untasted Springs behind,
" And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind."

Again,

Again, " On SACHARISSA passing through a
" Crowd," by which she was prest :

" So th' amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
" Just Distance keeps from his desired Palm :
" But when the Wind her ravish'd Branches throws
" Into his Arms, and mingles all his Boughs,
" Tho' loth he seems those tender Leaves to press,
" More loth he is that friendly Storm shou'd cease,
" From whose rude Bounty he the double Use
" At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse."

Here we cannot but take notice of a malicious
Criticism on Mr. WALLER, for affecting to say at
once, and sometimes not very reasonably ; as,

" At once they Promise what at once they give.
But, " ----- The double Use
" At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse,

is what they who made it wou'd have been proud
to have been Authors of ; and what have they to
object against that Couplet on the King's repairing
of St. PAUL's ?

" So proud a Fabrick to Devotion giv'n,
" At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n.

We are sorry the Beauties of this Poet's Genius
cou'd not prevail with them to overlook some small
Slips ; and that they would not remember, Mr.
WALLER found the ENGLISH Poetry almost as
rude as the Ore in the Mine, some sparkling Bits
here and there, and left it refin'd and polish'd.

Omnipo-

Omnipotence could only strike Light out of Darkness at once. He himself complains of the Matter he had to work with, in his Stanza's on ENGLISH Verse.

- " When Architects have done their Part,
- " The Matter may betray the Art ;
- " Time, if we use ill-chosen Stone,
- " Soon brings a well-built Palace down."

But his is as fresh as if it had been work'd Yesterday, and will out-last all the Monuments of Marble, and the Statues of Brass, which shall be made in this or the coming Ages ; he's as new now as in King CHARLES the First's Reign. His Numbers are a Guide to the present Writers, and his Language their Standard. Who is there infallible ? And if he has shewn he had the Frailty of human Nature in him sometimes, that is not to be always perfect. Let where he comes up to Perfection be remember'd, and those Escapes will soon be forgotten. Suppose in the some envious Temper we should note these four or five Lines in his Poem " On a War with " SPAIN, &c."

- " Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,
- " And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleets.
- " Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullet fly,
- " And of one Wound hundreds together dye,
- " Born under different Stars, &c.

There wou'd be room to set up a young Critick, or flatter an old one. And the first Discovery they'd made is a terrible one, no less than false ENGLISH

in the first Line ; for Night, Horror, Slaughter, require meet, and not meets ; and he who understood our Tongue the best of any Man in ENGLAND, is condemn'd for not understanding Grammar. But they won't say a Word, that some make the last Noun only govern, and thus this Difficulty is got over. They would also charge him, than whom no Poet ever chose his Epithets better, with making an ill Choice in Angry Bullets, Angry not expressing the dreadful Violence of a Cannon Shot. They wou'd be sure to accuse him of Want of Harmony, the most musical Poet that ever writ in our Language. That's strange -----

“ And of one Wound hundreds together die.

It should be, they'd say,

“ And hundreds of one Wound together die.

This is enough for a four superficial Critick to cry out “ Io Triumphe !” yet where's the Glory for him, among so many fine Lines, the Beauty of which he was not sensible of, to stumble upon one Rub which lay in his Way, and to be able to get over it. Criticisms of this kind are as easy and pleasant, as Scandal in Conversation : But they both alike generally return on the Authors, when they're false and groundless ; which should be a Caution how any one hereafter attacks a Man of Mr. WALLER's undoubted Merit. Mr. DRYDEN knew the Excellence of his Vein, and always pay'd Homage to it. In his Dedication to the Marquis of NORMANDY, now Duke of BUCKINGHAM, before his
Version

Version of the *ÆNEIS*, he says, " I say nothing of
 " Sir JOHN DENHAM, Mr. WALLER and Mr.
 " COWLEY, 'tis the utmost of my Ambition to be
 " thought their equal, or not to be much inferior
 " to them." And in his Dedication of the *RIVAL*
LADIES, to the Earl of ORRERY: " Rhime has
 " all the Advantage of Prose besides his own, but
 " the Excellence and Dignity of it were never fully
 " known 'till Mr. WALLER taught it. He first
 " made writing easy, an Art, first shew'd us to
 " conclude the Sense most commonly in Disticts,
 " which in the Verse of those before him runs on
 " for so many Lines together, that the Reader is
 " out of breath to overtake it. This Sweetness of
 " Mr. WALLER'S Lyric Poetry was afterwards fol-
 " low'd in the Epick by Sir JOHN DENHAM, in
 " his *COOPERS HILL*. But if we owe the Inven-
 " tion of it to Mr. WALLER, we, &c."

That way of using the same initial Letters in a
 Line, which throws the Verse off more easily, as,

" When Man on many multiply'd his Kind,"

was first introduc'd by him ; as in the Verse before
 quoted :

" Oh how I long my tender Limbs to lay."

And Mr. DRYDEN imitated it to Affectation, as
 some others since him have also done. From what
 has been said, there is no room left to doubt but
 that the *ENGLISH Poesie*, and consequently the
ENGLISH Tongue, is the most indebted to Mr.

WALLER

WALLER of any one Author that ever wrote, and that ENGLAND never produced a finer Wit, a more gallant Genius, and a politer Gentleman.

We have already observ'd, that the Executors of Mr. EDMOND WALLER, the Son of him whose Life we have written, have erected a very fine Monument for him in BECONSFIELD Church-yard, of which the Draught we have given is a just Representation. It stands on the East-side of the Church-yard, near the Vault of the Family; at the East End of which grew a Walnut Tree, as also at the West End. The Walnut Leaf being the Arms of the Family, they were fond of this REBUS in the Situation too, to borrow a Term from HERALDRY. The Tree at the East End is down, but that at the West is inclos'd within the Iron Rails around the Tomb; and branching East and West, the Eastern Branches hang over the spiral Pillar that rises into them from the Monument; and it being a good Tree, it has a very good Effect. The Inscriptions on the Tomb were written by Mr. RIMER, Historiographer to the Queen, and are added to the End of this Work.

We have nothing more to remember of this admirable Poet, and his Family, but that his Son EDMOND WALLER dying without Issue, gave the Estate to EDMOND WALLER, eldest Son of Dr. STEPHEN WALLER lately deceas'd, a very hopeful young Gentleman now at EATON School, who has a Brother nam'd HENRY; and their Mother, Daughter of Sir THOMAS VERNON of the City of LONDON, lives now at HALL-BARN, a Lady of great Worth and Honour.

OF THE
DANGER

HIS MAJESTY

(BEING PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at SAINT ANDERŌ.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to SPAIN,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the
Main;

With BRITISH bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' HESPERIAN Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great MADRID.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
BACCHUS the seed of cloud compelling JOVE :
While to his harp divine ARION sings
The loves, and conquests, of our ALBION Kings.

Of the fourth EDWARD was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young :
He rent the crown from vanquish'd HENRY's head ;
Raised the White Rose, and trampled on the Red :
Till LOVE, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought MARS and WARWICK to the conquer'd side
Neglected WARWICK (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)

F

Woods

Woos for his Master ; and with double shame,
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
 The Lady BONA ; whom just anger burns,
 And foreign war with civil rage returns.
 Ah ! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame ;
 Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same :
 When France shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring eyes
 Have made the best of ENGLISH hearts their prize ;
 Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
 And change again the counsels of our State.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
 To him that feels, the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sounds of this harmonious Lay,
 About the keel delighted dolphins play ;
 Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
 Which must anon this Royal troop engage :
 To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
 Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
 Proud with the burden of so brave a charge ;
 With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
 NEPTUNE's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
 Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war (Deep:
 Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
 As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
 Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
 Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast
 That their encounter seems too rough for jest,
 They ply their feet, and still the restless ball ;
 Toft too and fro, is urged by them all ;
 So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds ;
 And like effect of their contention finds.

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 *PHAE

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

3

Yet the bold BRITONS still securely row'd ;
CHARLES and his virtue was their sacred load :
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat his tempest should out-live.

But storms increase ; and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the PRINCE's face ;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel, (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver THAMES to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As TITAN's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous son,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent and raves,
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing ;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side :
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale IBERIANS had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care ;
To see the PRINCE with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their Court before :
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright :
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

*PHAETON.

F 2

Great

Great MARO cou'd no greater tempest feign;
 When the loud winds usurping on the Main,
 For angry JUNO, labor'd to destroy
 The hated reliques of confounded TROY:
 His bold ÆNEAS, on like billows tost
 In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
 Dissolves with fear; and, both his hands upheld,
 Proclaims them happy whom the GREEKS had
 In honourable fight: our hero set (quell'd
 In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
 So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
 Than ever PRIAM, when he flourish'd, wore;
 His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
 His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
 That argues fear: if any thought annoys
 The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in FRANCE;
 Where he had seen a brighter nymph than * she
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
 That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
 Nor angry THETIS raise her waves above
 Th' heroic PRINCE's courage, or his love:
 'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
 The shrine shou'd perish, where the image dwelt.
 Ah LOVE forbid! the noblest of thy train
 Should not survive to let her know his pain:
 Who not his peril minding, nor his flame,
 Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
 Among the bright Nymphs of the GALLIC Court
 All highly born, obsequious to her sport:

*VENUS.

Th

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 5

They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide :
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so :
Like bright AURORA, whose refulgent ray
Foretells the fervor of ensuing day ;

And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From CUPID's strings of many shafts that fled,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble FAME had
shed,

As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold ;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid ;

But LOVE's first summons seldom are obey'd :

Light was the wound, the PRINCE's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,

That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of JASON, THESEUS, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And now she views, as on the wall it hung,

What old MUSÆUS so divinely sung :

Which art with life and love did so inspire,

That she discerns, and favours that desire ;

Which there provokes th' adven'trous youth to swim,

And in LEANDER's danger pities him ;

Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks

To frame his story like that amorous GREEK's.

For from the stern of some good ship appears

A friendly light, which moderates their fears :

New courage from reviving hope they take,

And climbing o'er that waves, that taper make ;

On which the hope of all their lives depends,
 As his on that fair HERO's hand extends.
 The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
 Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,
 And from her port the weary barge repels:
 Threatning to make her, forced out again,
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
 Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
 Wou'd not be moved for our sister States:
 For ENGLAND is the third successful throw,
 And then the Genius of that land they know:
 Whose PRINCE must be (as their own books devise)
 Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.

Well sung the ROMAN bard; "all human things
 "Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
 O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heav'n our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heav'n's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of our world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the news of
 the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
 No sense of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
 The sacred wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
 Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
 When from the body such a limb was lop'd,

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*ACHIL

As to thy present state was no less main ;
 Tho' thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
 Bold HOMER durst not so great virtue feign
 In his * best pattern : of PATROCLUS slain,
 With such amazement as weak mothers use,
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
 Yet sell his darling by th' impartial chance
 Of war, impos'd by royal HECTOR's lance :
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

† The famous painter cou'd allow no place
 For private sorrow, in a Prince's face ;
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
 †Twas want of such a precedent as this,
 Made the old heathens frame their Gods amiss.
 Their PHOEBUS shou'd not act a fonder part
 For the † fair boy, than he did for his hart :
 Nor blame for HYACINTHUS' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
 known.

Hethat with thine shall weigh good DAVID's deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds :
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
 But let false ZIBA with his heir divide :
 Where thy immortal love to thy best friends,
 Like that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmoved ; and yet, like woman, kind !

*ACHILLES.

†TIMANTHES.

†CYPARISSUS.

Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
 Our CHARLES's pedigree from heav'n, and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love ?

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHere e'er thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings :
 The FRENCH, and SPANIARD, when thy Flags ap-
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear. (pear,
 So Jove from IDA did both hosts survey,
 And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed :
 Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws ;
 And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
 Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
 Too oft, alas ! involv'd the innocent.
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy THAMES, be free
 From both those fates, of storms, and piracy.
 But we most happy, who can fear no force.
 But winged troops, or PEGASEAN horse :
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
 Another nation, as to touch our soil.
 Should Nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
 Thy pow'r were safe ; and her destructive hand
 Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command :
 Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball :
 Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The

The world's restorer once cou'd not endure,
 That finish'd BABEL shou'd those men secure,
 Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
 Above the reach of any second flood :
 To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
 Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

On the taking of S A L L E.

OF JASON, THESEUS, and such Worthies old
 Light seem the tales antiquity has told :
 Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress,
 Some places only, and some times, infest.
 SALLE that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
 Goods with their owners hurrying to their den ;
 And future ages threatning with a rude,
 And savage race, successively renew'd :
 Their King despising with rebellious pride,
 And foes profess'd to all the world beside :
 This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame,
 And thro' th' oblig'd world dilates his name.

The prophet once to cruel ACAG said,
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine : and with that word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
 Just CHARLES like measure has return'd to these,
 Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas :
 With ships, they made the spoiled merchant mourn ;
 With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
 One Squadron of our winged castles sent
 O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent :
 For not content the dangers to increase,
 And act the part of tempests in the seas ;

Like

Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
 Whole flocks of sheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
 Safely they might on other nations prey ;
 Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the ſea !
 Mad CACUS ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
 The herd of fair ALCMENA'S ſeed invades ;
 Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
 Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

MOROCCO'S Monarch, wondring at this fact,
 Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
 Had come in perſon, to have ſeen and known
 The injur'd world's revenger, and his own.
 Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
 Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears,
 To the renown'd for piety and force,
 Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

Upon His MAJESTY'S repairing of St. PAUL'S.

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' apoſtle bore,
 Scarce ſuffer'd more upon MELITA'S ſhore,
 Than did his temple in the ſea of time ;
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
 When the * firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle,
 Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
 This work of coſt and piety begun,
 To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son :
 Who all that came within the ample thought
 Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
 He, like AMPHION, makes thoſe quarries leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap :
 For in his art of regiment is found
 A power, like that of harmony in ſound,

* K. JAMES I.

Thoſe

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 11

Those antique minstrels sure were CHARLES-like
Kings.

Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings ;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took :
So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apostle ; and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again :
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand,
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have born her name ;
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness of his mind :
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury, of all-impairing age ;
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce : an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine :
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument, or hand. (mand
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend ;
And war brings ruin, where it shou'd amend :
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds,
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds. (held

Not ought which SHEBA's wond'ring Queen be-
Amongst the works of SOLOMON, excell'd

His

His ships, and buildings ; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.

While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send :
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance, than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend : [end.
The KING built all ; but CHARLES, the western
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven !

LAOMEDON that had the Gods in pay,
NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Cou'd no such structure raise : TROY wall'd so high,
Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings.
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things :
They list not urge it to the dreadful field ;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

*** Sic gratia Regum*

*Pieriis tentata modis. * * **

HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occasion'd upon sight of
Her MAJESTY'S Picture.

WELL fare the hand ! which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazling light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes :
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory : here we dare unfold

* APOLLO.

In

In numbers thus the wonders we conceive :
 The gracious image seeming to give leave,
 Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen ;
 And by our Muse saluted, Mighty QUEEN :
 In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
 The QUEEN of BRITAIN, and the QUEEN of love !

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
 Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
 Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
 T'extend his light, and moderate his heat :
 So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
 As your high majesty with awful fear
 In human breasts might qualify that fire,
 Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
 Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
 By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
 But as their meanness larger hope imparts :
 Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
 With admiration, than his private loves :
 With admiration ! for a pitch so high
 (Save sacred CHARLES his) never love durst fly.
 Heav'n that preferr'd a sceptre to your hand,
 Favour'd our freedom more than your command :
 Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
 The whole world's mistress, other than a QUEEN.
 All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
 Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
 No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
 Equals LOVE's empire, both in heav'n and earth :
 Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
 As bright, and fierce a lightning, as his own :

Witness

Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
 In his swift passage to th' HESPERIAN Dame:
 When, like a lion, finding in his way
 To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
 The Royal Youth pursuing the report
 Of beauty, found it in the GALLIC Court:
 There public care with private passion fought
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
 Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
 And the free faith of your * Great Brother prove;
 With his † ACHATES, breaking through the cloud
 Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud;
 And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
 Dance with the Ladies, and outshine them all?
 Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?-----
 So, when the fair LEUCOTHOE he espy'd,
 To check his steeds impatient PHOEBUS yearn'd,
 Though all the world was in his course concern'd
 What may hereafter her meridian do,
 Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
 Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
 Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes
 Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
 Nor shall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
 But if (the promise of a cloudless Day)
 AURORA smiling bids her rise, and play;
 Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice:

* LEWIS XIII. K. of France. † D. of BUCKINGHAM.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 15

Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song ;
But since the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage ;
Thither my Muse, like bold PROMETHEUS, flies,
To light her torch at GLORIANA's eyes.

Those sov'reign beams, which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul ! [soul,
Here the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd ; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone ;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone :
He held it dear, 'till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away.
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High heav'n, and these expostulations use.
“ Cou'd nature then no private woman grace,
“ Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
“ Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
“ Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
“ Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
“ What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious light ?

Thus, in a stary night, fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky ;
Which, tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.

All her affections are to one enclin'd ;
 Her bounty and compassion, to mankind :
 To whom while she so far extends her grace,
 She makes but good the promise of her face :
 For mercy has, cou'd mercy's self be seen,
 No sweeter look than this propitious QUEEN.
 Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
 From her large pow'r , and from her larger mind,
 That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers ;
 For all the miserable are made hers.
 So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
 But shed, and shelter, to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next !
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext :
 Nobly contented, for the public good,
 To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood :
 What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
 Where Monarchs, thus decended, are to reign ?
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,
 Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame :
 And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield :
 None might the mother of ACHILLES be,
 But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea :
 The man † to whom great MARO gives such fame,
 From the high bed of heav'nly VENUS came :
 And our next CHARLES, whom all the stars design
 Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

* THETIS.

† AENEAS.

The

The APOLOGY of SLEEP.

*For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but sleep
when she pleaseth.*

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer [care :
On troubled minds : but nought can add to her,
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste. [plac'd
Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free :
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense ?

Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command :
Or place her in OLYMPUS' top, a guest
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast :
That pow'r, wou'd seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendor of her present court ;
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind :
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing NILUS want of rain supplies ;
That chrystal heav'n, where PHOEBUS never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

G

But

But what so hard which Numbers cannot force ?
 So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
 The bold * MÆONIAN made me dare to sleep
 Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.
 And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
 I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r,
 Where GLORIANA their great mistress lies :
 But gently taming those victorious eyes,
 Charm all her senses ; 'till the joyful sun
 Without a rival half his course has run :
 Who, while my hand that fairer light confines.
 May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
 To trouble, and compose
 All that's beneath your bow'r,
 Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair VENUS, in thy soft arms :
 The God of Rage confine ;
 For thy whispers are the charms
 Which only can divert his fierce design.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline ?
 Thou the flame
 Kindled in his breast can'st tame,
 With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
 Make heav'n smile,

That no storm disturb us, while
 Thy chief care, our HALCYON, builds her nest.

* HOMER.

Great

Great GLORIANA! fair GLORIANA!

Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth;

Whose beauty relieves us,

Whose royal bed gives us

Both glory and peace:

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE,
upon her Landing.

GREAT QUEEN of EUROPE! where thy offspring wears

All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:

As welcome thou to sea-girt BRITAIN'S shore,

As erst LATONA (who fair CYNTHIA bore)

To DELOS was: here shines a Nymph as bright,

By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light,

Why was her joy in BELGIA confin'd?

Or why did you so much regard the wind?

Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' inrag'd) have tost

Thy sov'reign bark, but where th' obsequious coast

Pays tribute to thy bed: ROME's conqu'ring hand

More vanquish'd nations under her command

Never reduc'd: glad BERE CYNTHIA so

Among her deathless progeny did go:

A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,

Mother of all that on AMBROSIA fed.

Thy god-like race must sway the age to come;

As the OLYMPUS peopled with her womb.

Wou'd those commanders of mankind obey

Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay

Down at your royal feet; compose their jars,

And on the growing TURK discharge these wars:

The Christian knights that sacred tomb shou'd wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:

Our ENGLAND'S PRINCE, and GALLIA'S DOL-
PHIN, might

Like young RINALDO, and TANCREDI, fight:
In single combat by their swords again

The proud ARGANTES, and fierce SOLDAN, slain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,

And with your * TUSCAN Muse exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse-inspir'd,
ORPHEUS alone could with the woods com-
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd, (ply;

And nature's self, in those that could not lye:

Your beauty next our solitude invades,

And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wond'ring court

Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn

The answer, and consent, to that report,

Which, echo-like, the country do's return:

Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs

Present th' impartial images of things.

A † rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize;

A simple shepherd was prefer'd to Jove.

Down to the mountains from the partial skies,

Came JUNO, PALLAS, and the Queen of love,

To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n,

To the bright CARLISLE of the Court of heav'n.

CARLISLE! a name which all our woods are taught,

Loud as their AMARILLIS, to resound:

* TASSO.

† PARIS.

CARLISLE!

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* VE

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 21

CARLISLE! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree, that's worthy of the wound :
From PHOEBUS' rage our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better than from CARLISLE's beams.

The Countess of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear ;
Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity, is fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get :
A VENUS rising from a sea of Jet !
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for ANCHISES ; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed :
Had she been there, untimely joy thro' all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief : as well
Bright PHOEBUS might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow : nothing stands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone ;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great MERCURY, of our mighty JOVE :

* VENUS,

G 3

Who

Who, by the pow'r of his inchanting tongue,
 Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung
 War he prevented, or soon made it cease;
 Instructing Princes in the arts of peace;
 Such as made SHEBA's curious Queen resort
 To the *large-hearted HEBREW's famous Court.
 Had HOMER sat among his wondring guests,
 He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
 With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
 The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
 But oh! what elocution might he use,
 What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
 His absent Master's love into the heart
 Of HENRIETTA! forcing her to part
 From her lov'd brother, country, and the fun;
 And, like CAMILLA, o'er the waves to run
 Into his arms: while the PARISIAN dames
 Mourn for their ravish'd glory; at her flames
 No less amaz'd, than the amaz'd stars,
 When the bold charmer of THESSALIA wars
 With heav'n itself; and Numbers does repeat,
 Which call descending CYNTHIA from her seat.

In Answer to one who writ a Libel against
 the Countess of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
 With DIOMEDE, to wound the Queen of love?
 Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?

Not the just PALLAS in thy breast did move
 So blind a Rage, with such a diff'rent fate:
 He honour won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.

* SOLEMON.

She

She gave assistance to his TROJAN foe:

Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe;

Whilst after her the gazing world does move,
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy ARTHUR's shield,

Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?

So shall thy rebel wit become her prize,
Should thy lambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;

Rewarding PHOEBUS, for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those Eyes

His joyful beams: but PHOEBUS is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy sight;
So ill thou thyself against so fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heav'n arrive;
But we this paradise approach alive.

Instead of DEATH, the dart of Love does strike;

And renders all within those walls alike:

The high in titles, and the shepherd, here

Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear:

And stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,

Loose thought of what themselves or others are:

Ambition lose; and have no other scope,

Save CARLISLE's favour to employ their hope.

The * THRACIAN could (tho' all those tales were
 The bold GREEKS tell) no greater wonders do: [true
 Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
 Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.
 The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
 Subdued alike, all but one passion have :
 No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
 Something proportion'd to the rule of his :
 While she with chearful, but impartial grace,
 (Born for no one, but to delight the race
 Of men) like PHOEBUS, so divides her light,
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

TO PHYLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas LOVE that injur'd you,
 And on that rock your THYRSIS threw ;
 Who for proud CÆLIA could have dy'd,
 While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond LOVE his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows :
 From foes discharg'd, as often meet
 The shining points of arrows fleet,
 In the wide air creating fire ;
 As souls that join in one desire.

LOVE made the lovely VENUS burn
 In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
 Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
 Prefer'd, to sleeping on her breasts.

LOVE makes so many hearts the prize
 Of the bright CARLISLE's conqu'ring eyes ;
 Which she regards no more, than they
 The tears of lesser Beauties weigh.

* ORPHEUS, † ADONIS

So

So have I seen the loft clouds pour
 Into the sea a useleſs ſhow'r ;
 And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
 For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, PHYLLIS, ſince our paſſions are
 Govern'd by chance ; and not the care,
 But ſport of heav'n, which takes delight
 To look upon this PARTHIAN fight
 Of LOVE, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
 Never encount'ring face to face ;
 No more to LOVE we'll ſacrifice,
 But to the beſt of Deities :
 And let our hearts, which LOVE diſjoined,
 By his kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND,
 upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due :
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
 Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
 Thoſe ſhow'rs, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
 Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
 In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part ?
 Virtue wou'd bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dries,
 Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
 Your mind's relief ; where reaſon triumphs ſo
 Over all paſſions, that they ne'er cou'd grow
 Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
 To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
 This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
 One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray :

Whoſe

Whose mild example seem'd to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave ÆMILIUS, his great charge laid down,
(The force of ROME, and fate of MACEDON)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke
Before ROME's people; "We did oft implore,
" That if the heav'n's had any bad in store
" For your ÆMILIUS, they would pour that ill
" On his own house, and let you flourish still."
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs; and summers to the public dent:
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
For which your country's more oblig'd, than
For many lives of old, less happy, men.
You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with ÆMILIAN courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And tho' her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd:
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act: it is enough her stone
May honour'd be with superscription

Of the sole Lady, who had pow'r to move
 The great NORTHUMBERLAND to grieve, and love.
 To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late
 Sickneſs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the THRACIAN youth
 invades

ORPHEUS, returning from th' ELYSIAN ſhades;
 Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
 Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
 Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
 His vaniſh'd love, tempt the LETHÆAN lake:
 The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Who ſhall the fair EURYDICE ſucceed:
 EURYDICE! for whom his num'rous moan
 Makes liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains groan:
 Thro' all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
 Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
 At once the land affecting, and the Main:
 When the glad news that you were Admiral
 Scarce thro' the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
 That our great CHARLES, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in
 Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new. [you,
 So more than private was the joy, and grief,
 That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
 That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
 They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
 Nature (her faireſt lights eclips'd) ſeems
 Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes:

While

While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
 The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
 Their beauty they, and we our love suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
 As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend:
 Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
 He is too faultless, and too young, to dye.
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train
 To be lamented, and restor'd again?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
 Though to the Blest? O'er young ADONIS so
 Fair VENUS mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
 And second pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward does so far extend
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;
 Kind PHOEBUS interposing bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they
 Like NEPTUNE, and his * sea-born Nieces, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

* VENUS.

S O N G.

S O N G.

STAY, PHEBUS, stay!

The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your haste
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder, as DE MORNAY's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was PHILOCLEA, and such * DORUS' flame;
The † matchless SIDNEY that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose;
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such chearful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his ARCADIA found,
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)

* PAMELA. † Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Stood

Stood at KALANDER's, the brave friends* had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught :
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think ;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink !

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
 Not our delights alone, but loves !
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free,
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so ;
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another, who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace ;
 Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find :
 But gladly suffers a false wind
 To blow the ashes of despair
 From the reviving brand of care.
 Fool ! that forgets her stubborn look
 This softness from thy finger took.
 Strange ! that thy hand should not inspire
 The beauty only, but the fire :
 Not the form alone, and grace,
 But act, and power, of a face.
 May'st thou yet thyself as well,
 As all the world besides, excel !

* PYROCLES and MUSIDORUS.

So

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So you th' unfeign'd truth rehearse,
 (That I may make it live in verse)
 Why thou cou'dst not, at one assay,
 That face to after-times convey,
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit
 To make her oft before thee sit?
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this;
 For who would not repeat that bliss;
 And frequent sight of such a dame
 Buy, with the hazard of his fame;
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
 Though thy good hand had failed still;
 When natures self so often errs;
 She for this many thousand years
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,
 To frame the race of women fair;
 Yet never could a perfect birth
 Produce before, to grace the earth:
 Which waxed old, ere it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
 Where those immortal colors grow,
 That could this deathless piece compose?—
 In lillies? or the fading rose?
 No; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r,
 Than did PROMETHEUS for his fire.

At PENS-HURST.

HAD DOROTHEA liv'd when mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
 The peace, and glory, which these alleys have:

Embroider'd

Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place :
 And beauty too, and order can impart,
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did ORPHEUS' lyre :
 If, she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbors crowd :
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
 Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band.
 AMPHION so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap :
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart !—
 Go, boy and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble SIDNEY's birth ; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine ;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument, and pledge, of humble love :
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise high'r,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 33

To my Lord of LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at PENS-HURST groan,
Oppressed with their timely load ;
And seem to make their silent moan,

That their great Lord is now abroad :
They to delight his taste, or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,

Whose arrows they should gladly stain :
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with FRANCE, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause
Which now exacts your presence here ;

Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public, and domestic, care,
For one bright Nymph or youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of * THETIS' son,
(For which such stern debate did rise,

That the great AJAX TELAMON
Refus'd to live without the prize)

Those ACHIVE Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,

Now scorches like the rising sun,

When SIRIUS does first appear.

*ACHILLES.

H

© fix

O fix this flame; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

Of the LADY who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder SLEEP from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in SACHARISSA'S eyes.
As fair ASTREA once from earth to heav'n,
By strife, and loud impiety was driv'n:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise SOMNUS to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake, [wake,
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches
More proud than PHOEBUS of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with JOVE, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes:
Eyes, which so far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet. and untroubled rest,
Know, that tho' VENUS, and her son, shou'd spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet HYMEN may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being painted.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night, [light
With their wild howlings at fair CYNTHIA
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies:
So, with the news of SACHARISSA'S wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues:

Call LOVE to witness, that no painted fire
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire :
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new malice, than our loves before ;
 But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
 On both our passions, without smile or frown.
 So little care of what is done below
 Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth so !
 Paints her, 'tis true : with the same hand which spreads
 Like glorious colors thro' the flow'ry meads ;
 When lavish nature with her best attire
 Cloaths the gay spring, the season of desire.
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn :
 With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted clouds which form THAUMANTIAS'
 bow.

Of her passing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old CHAOS (heav'n with earth confus'd,
 And stars with rocks together crush'd and
 bruise'd :)

The Sun his light no further could extend
 Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd :
 So in this throng bright SACHARISSA far'd
 Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard :
 As ships, tho' never so obsequious, fall
 In a tempest on their Admiral.
 No greater favor this disorder brought
 Into her servants, than their awful thought
 Must entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
 The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
 And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
 So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm :
 But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
 Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs ;
 Tho' loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
 More loth he is that friendly storm should cease ;
 From whose rude bounty he the double use
 At once receives, of pleasure, and excuse.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE
 apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair SACHARISSA lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like PHOEBUS sung the no less amorous boy ;
 Like DAPHNE she, as lovely, and as coy !
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues ;
 With numbers such as PHOEBUS' self might use !
 Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads ;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair,
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled ; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabul

Fabula PHOEBI et DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis THYRSIS, PHOEBIQUE
sacerdos.

Ingenti frustra SACHARISSÆ ardebat amore,
Haud Deus ipse olim DAPHNI majora canebat ;
Nec fuit asperior DAPHNE, nec pulchrior illa :
Carminibus PHOEBEO dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua ; formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat.
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem ;
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis !
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsa reperit DAPHNE sua laurea PHEOBUS.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream ! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face ?
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure we'rt drest
With that angel-like disguise :
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes,

But ah ! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream ;
Cruel SACHARISSA'S mind
Never put on that sweet extreme !

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heav'nly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook

Of L E T H E, or from graves escape.
 Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Softly in her sleeping ear,

With humble words express my woe.
 Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall;
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And, death resembling, equals all.

To Mrs. B R A U G H T O N, Servant to
 S A C H A R I S S A.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the the long expressions of my grief)
 Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest P E R S I A N, or some weak-ey'd M O O R,
 No higher dares advance his dazled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending God adorns the east,
 And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.
 A thousand CUPIDS in those curls do sit,
 (These curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
 The GRACES put not more exactly on
 Th' attire of VENUS, when the Ball she won:
 Than SACHARISSA by thy care is drest,
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
 May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd:
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
 Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
 What off'rings may propitiate the Fair:
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
 Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
 For if I thought she took delight in those,
 To where the chearful morn do's first disclose,
 (The shady night removing with her beams)
 Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lips excels
 All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells;
 Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
 None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
 The shining jewels GREECE, and TROY, bestow'd
 On * SPARTA'S Queen, her lovely neck did load,
 And snowy wrists: but when the town was burn'd,
 Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
 Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
 Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

* HELEN.

H 4

At

At PENS-HURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
 To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
 With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs,
 To Thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
 LOVE's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a SIDNEY? from which noble strain
 * He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of LOVE, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love, or high desire,
 Seems but the smoak of amorous SIDNEY's fire,
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy, and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
 One so destructive: to no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock,
 That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, plac'd those † healing springs;
 Which not more help, than that destruction brings,
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like ORPHEUS, with my num'rous moan
 Melt to compassion; now, my trait'rous song
 With thee conspires, to do the singer wrong;
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose
 The memory of what augments my woes:

* Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, † Tunbridge-Wells.

But

But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th' indulgent ear did pierce
Of just APOLLO, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: " On yon aged tree
" Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind
" Some truce at least may with this passion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds, and tempests, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her,

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,

Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight,
That age which you may know so soon;
The rosy morn resigns her light,

And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime ;
 And summer, tho' it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination, or decay :
 For, with a full hand, that does bring
 All that was promis'd by the spring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
 What you unto THYRSIS owe ;
 I will tell you how I do
 SACHARISSA love and YOU.

Joy salutes me, when I set
 My blest eyes on AMORET :
 But with wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look.

If sweet AMORET complains,
 I have sense of all her pains :
 But for SACHARISSA I
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
 Lovely AMORET ! is thine,
 SACHARISSA's captive fain
 Would untie his iron chain ;
 And, those scorching beams to shun,
 To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
 To dispose of her affection ;
 I would not thus long have born
 Haughty SACHARISSA's scorn :
 But 'tis sure some Pow'r above,
 Which controuls our wills in love !

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous AMORET ! for thee.

'Tis amazment more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move :
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy :
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scald'd) does know !

AMORET ! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline :
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame :
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you :
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry :

Which,

Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA
and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely lovely Pair !
Why so kind, and so severe ?

Why so careless of our care,
Only to your selves so dear ?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love controul ;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come ;
Where he finds a foreign guest ;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in CYTHEREA'S car ;
Not the wings that lift so high ;
And convey her son so far ;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love ;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milkey Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars !
The smooth stream, where none can say.
He this drop to that prefers !

AMORET, my lovely foe !
Tell me where thy strength does lye ;
Where the pow'r that charms us so ?
In thy soul, or in thy eye ?

By that snowy neck alone ;
Or thy grace in motion seen ;
No such Wonders cou'd be done ;
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As CUPID'S shaft ; or HERMES' rod :
And pow'rful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely AMORET, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair !
Is heav'n became our rival too ?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,----to pretend ?

Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n,
Thy beauties to impair : for heav'n
Sollicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear :
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With

With such a grace you entertain,
 And look with such contempt on pain,
 That languishing you conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before.
 So lightnings which in storms appear,
 Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
 Your frailer part, the breaches made
 In that fair lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
 So nymphs o'er pathless mountains born,
 Their light robes by the brambles torn
 From their fair limbs, exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view
 Of following Gods, increase their flame,
 And hast, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY those already curs'd ESSEXIAN plains
 Where hasty death, and pining sickness reigns,
 Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
 But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
 There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
 Like HERO's taper in the window plac'd,
 Such fate from the malignant air did find,
 As that exposed to the boist'rous wind.

Ah cruel heav'n! to snatch so soon away
 Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
 With thousand vows, and tears, we should have fought
 That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
 But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
 Heard; 'till 'twas sin to wish her here again.

That

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That horid word at once, like lightning spread,
Struck all our ears,---the Lady RICH is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
That DEATH should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise the virtuous, and the young!

The *PAPHIAN Queen from that fierce battle
With goaded hand, and veil so rudely torn, [born,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddeses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' † heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with heav'n:
Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of CALEDONIAN Monarchs in her face.
And sweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she didain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bid
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rowling light of heav'n, as change her course,

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.

* VENUS. † CHRISTIAN Countess of Devonshire.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and pow'r of speech, is waste,
Here passion sways, but there the muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair SACHARISSA !—and now only fair !
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear ;
(Such as the ROMANS did erect of old.)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
NARCISSUS to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind ;
Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife :
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how careless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date !
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee :
(Alas that That the last farewell should be !)
So look'd ASTRÆA, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last :
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole :
So, all we know of what the do above,
Is, that they happy are and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have :

Well

Well chosen love is never taught to die,
 But with our nobler part invades the sky.
 Then grieve no more, that one so heav'nly shap'd
 The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
 Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
 But that she vanish'd so entire away,
 Her wond'rous beauty, and her goodness, merit
 We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
 In that celestial form frequented here;
 And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

The Battle of the SUMMER-ISLANDS.

C A N T O I.

*What fruits they have, and how heav'n smiles
 Upon these late-discover'd isles.*

A ID me, BELLONA! while the dreadful fight
 Betwixt a nation, and two whales I write:
 Seas stain'd with goar I sing, advent'rous toil!
 And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

BERMUDA wall'd with rocks who does not know?
 That happy island! where huge lemons grow:
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear:
 Th' HESPERIAN garden boast of none so fair:
 Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
 In the rich shore, of amber-greece is found.
 The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires;
 The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
 The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
 Or incense might on sacred altars burn:
 Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
 Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.

The sweet palmitoes a new BACCHUS yield;
 With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
 Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
 They sit, carowing where their liquor grows.
 Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
 Such as fierce CATO did the ROMANS show;
 With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
 CARTHAGE, the mistress of so rich a soil.
 The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,
 Their barren tops with luscious food abound;
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
 Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
 To ENGLISH landlords, as their tribute, pay.
 Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
 On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
 With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
 On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine:
 And with potatoes fat their wanton swine. }
 Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our coarser land
 Tastes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
 Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
 For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
 Ripe fruits, and blossoms, on the same tree live;
 At once they promise, what at once they give.
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
 Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
 To shew how all things were created first.

The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste :
 There, a small grain, in a few months, will be
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree,
 The Palma-Chrifti, and the fair Papa,
 Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)
 In half the circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
 And as their trees, in our dull region set,
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get ;
 So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
 Utter unripe, and ill-constrained Notes :
 While the supporter of the Poet's style,
 PHOEBUS, oh them eternally does smile.
 Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantain's shade ; and all the day
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain ;
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein !
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
 There will I sing, if gentle LOVE be by,
 That tunes my lute, and winds the strings so high ;
 With the sweet sound of SACHARISSA'S name,
 I'll make the listening savages grow tame.----
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight:

CANTO II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this CANTO shows.*

THO' rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous Turk def-
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear ; [pise ;
Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the isle they
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud [hear
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow :
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies ;
Two mighty whales ! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast.
One, as a mountain vast ; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore :
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and ship-wreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay :
So, there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes ; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd :

Along

Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd ?
 Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, & shatter'd.
 Hearts sure of brass they had, who tempted first
 Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.
 The welcome news through all the nation spread :
 To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread :

What lately was their public terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey :
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil ;
 And, as the purchase of their future toil, }
 These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
 Whose hide he sold,----before he caught the beast !

They man their boats, and all their young men arm
 With whatsoever may the monsters harm ;
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far ;
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
 Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
 What love, or honor, could invite them to :
 A goodly theatre ! where rocks are round
 With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd,
 Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
 Within the bounds of noble WARWICK's share :
 WARWICK's bold Earl ! than which no title bears
 A greater sound among our BRITISH Peers.

And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate, and honor, to that title due ;
 Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
 And thro' the new world spread his growing fame.---
 But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

*The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.*

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
Struck with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast;
Vex'd with unwanted heat, he flings about
The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin stung, he raves;
And scourges with his tail the suff'ring waves.
Like SPENCER'S TALUS with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wou'd
Advance her tail; her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge;
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes:
With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.

Their

Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill.
And make a tempest, tho' the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content ; and wish the cub away :

Their wish they have ; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came,)

Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake ;
A pris'ner there, but for his mother's sake.

She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.

They shout for joy ! and now on her alone

Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.

Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,

With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast :

Her oily side devours both blade and hest :

And there his steel the bold BERMUDAN left.

Courage the rest from his example take,

And now they change the color of the lake :

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,

As if they would prevent the tardy tide,

And raise the flood to that propitious height,

As might convey her from this fatal streight :

She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw

To heav'n, that heav'n mens cruelties might know.

Their fixed javelins in her side she wears

And on her back a grove of pikes appears :

You would have thought, had you the monster seen

Thus drest, she had another island been.

Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,

As well resembled the conspiring voice

Of routed armies, when the field is won ;

To reach the ears of her escaped son.

He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
 Hastes to her aid : the * pious TROJAN so,
 Neglecting for CREUSA's life his own,
 Repeats the danger of the burning town.
 The men amazed blush to see the seed
 Of monsters, human piety exceed.
 Well proves this kindness what the GRÆCIAN sung,
 That LOVE's bright mother from the ocean sprung,
 Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
 For composition with th' unconquer'd fish :
 So she their weapons would restore, again
 Thro' rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main.
 But, how instructed in each other's mind,
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find ?
 Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
 Whom her courageous son protected so ;
 They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
 Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire .
 Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
 And tear the flesh, of the incensed whales.
 But no success their fierce endeavours found,
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
 Now to their Fort they are about to send,
 For the loud engines which their isle defend :
 But what those Pieces, fram'd to better walls,
 Would have effected on those mighty whales,
 Great NEPTUNE will not have us know ; who sends
 A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms ;
 Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

* AENEAS.

S O N G.

S O N G.

PEACE, babling Muse !

I dare not sing what you indite ;

Her eyes refuse

To read the passion which they write :

She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,

Threatens to hurl it on the ground :

And I no less her anger dread,

Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,

While some fierce lion does embrace

His breathless corps, and lick his face :

Wrap'd up in silent fear he lies,

Torn all in pieces, if he cries.

O F L O V E.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,

It self discharges on our foes ;

And sorrow too finds some relief

In tears, which wait upon our grief :

So, ev'ry passion, but fond love,

Unto its own redress does move ;

But that alone the wretch inclines

To what prevents his own designs ;

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,

Disorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep :

Postures which render him despis'd,

Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

For women, (born to be controul'd,)

Stoop to the forward, and the bold :

Affect the haughty, and the proud,

The gay, the frolick, and the loud.

Who

Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the beast :
 But with high courage, life, and force,
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser east
 Pity, supposing them oppress
 With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
 By which they govern, spoil and kill ;
 Each nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less rigour here,
 Should some brave TURK, that walks among
 His twenty lasses, bright and young ;
 And beckons to the willing dame,
 Preferr'd to quench his present flame ;
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest guise, and silent fear,
 All to one female idol bend :
 While her high pride does scarce descend
 To mark their follies, he would swear
 That these her guard of eunuchs were ;
 And that a more majestic Queen,
 Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the yoke
 Of mighty LOVE : that conqu'ring look,
 When next beheld, like light'ning strook
 My blasted soul ; and made me bow,
 Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,
 Surveying there his armed head,
 With shame remembers that he fled

The scorned dogs ; resolves to try
 The combat next : but if their cry
 Invades again his trembling ear,
 He strait resumes his wonted care ;
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,
 And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS! why should we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the day ?
 Could we (which we never can !)
 Stretch our lives beyond their span ;
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies.
 Or would youth, and beauty, stay,
 Love hath wings, and will away.
 Love hath swifter wings than TIME :
 Change in love to heav'n does climb :
 Gods, that never change their state,
 Vary oft their love and hate.

PHILLIS! to this truth we owe
 All the love betwixt us two :
 Let not you and I enquire,
 What has been our past desire :
 On what shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what nymphs I have beguil'd :
 Leave it to the planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do :
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

To

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE HOLLAND leads, and with him FALK-
LAND goes.

Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the GRACES, and the MUSES, forth,
To civilize, and to instruct, the north?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
APOLLO bears as well his bow as harp:
And tho' he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne.
Of JOVE, and cast the ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where oaks, and brambles, (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lye, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the * fair HEBREW stand;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.

* REBEKAH.

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Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
 Of better fortune for the present age ;
 Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good ;
 To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood :
 To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
 Of our proud neighbours : who e'er long shall mourn
 (Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
 We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,
 (His rebel tail scourging his nobler part,)
 Calls up his courage ; then begins to roar,
 And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes, and vegetals, that cannot think,
 So far as drougt, and nature, urges, drink :
 A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,
 Reason, that dares beyond our appetites :
 She would our care, as well as thirst, redress ;
 And with Divinity rewards excess.
 Deserted ARIADNE, thus supply'd,
 Did perjur'd THESEUS' cruelty deride :
 BACCHUS embrac'd, from her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
 BACCHUS and PHOEBUS are by Jove ally'd,
 And each by other's timely heat supply'd :
 All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
 Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires,
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,
 To give our friends a title to our blood :
 Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

S O N G

POEMS UPON
S O N G

I.

CHLORES farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I am engag'd by word, and oath,
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, CHLORES, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And she distrust me reprobate.

VII. Then

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
 So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!

What art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
 And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
 Touch'd by that hand who would not tremble too?
 Here LOVE takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
 Music so softens, and disarms, the mind,
 That not an arrow does resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
 So NERO once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY singing a Song of his composing.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That like a spirit with this spell
 Of my own teaching I am caught.

That

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
 Had ECHO, with so sweet a grace,
 NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflection of his face,
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air :
 And, with her own breath, fans the fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that love controul,
 Which more than one way courts the soul ?
 So, when a flash of light'ning falls
 On our abodes, the danger calls
 For human aid ; which hopes the flame
 To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came :
 But, if the winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive ;
 But nature did this match contrive :
 EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
 As she deny'd her little bed
 To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
 And measure out, this only dame.
 Thrice happy is that humble pair,
 Beneath the level of all care!

Over

Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow:
And ev'ry man a POLYPHEME
Does to his GALATEA seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah CHLORIS! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for our selves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,

A long farewell to love I gave:
Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,

None but those eyes could have o'erthrown:
The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires;
Grown, and design'd, for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house;
Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heav'n indure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
 Makes it full summer, e'er the spring's begun:
 And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
 Before our violets dare look abroad:
 So, measure not by any common use,
 The early love your brighter eyes produce.
 When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
 Wrap'd in my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
 That hasty time might never make me grow
 Out of those favours, you afford me now:
 That I might ever such indulgence find;
 And you not blush, or think yourself too kind.
 Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
 Begin to think how you may make them less:
 The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
 And guard itself, tho' but a child invade;
 And innocently at your white breast throw
 A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.
 It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To the MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, CÆLIA! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart:

The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.

For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill:
Who, like DON QUIXOTE, do advance
Against a wind-mill our vain lance.

Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names, and courses, know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By those free vapors are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight

Despairs to find the rules that guide
 Those gilded shadows as they slide.
 And therefore of the spacious air
 Jove's royal consort had the care :
 And by that power did once escape,
 Declining bold Ixion's rape ;
 She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
 A shining cloud, which she embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
 With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
 Your THYRSIS lately, when he thought
 He had his fleeting CÆLIA caught.
 'Twas shap'd like her, but for the Fair,
 He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate ! for which he grieves the less,
 Because the Gods had like success.
 For in their story, one, we see,
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree :
 A second, with a lover's haste,
 Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd ;
 But she that did a Virgin seem,
 Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream :
 For his supposed love, a third
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird ;
 And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
 Give credit, and still make them new ;
 The amorous now like wonders find,
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, CÆLIA, if you apprehend
 The Muse of your incens'd friend ;

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Nor would that he record your blame,
 And make it live, repeat the same ;
 Again deceive him, and again,
 And then he swears he'll not complain.
 For still to be deluded so,
 Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
 Who, like good falc'ners, take delight,
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.
 SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can ingage
 My wary heart :
 The sun, in all his pride, and rage,
 Has not that art ;
 And yet he shines as bright as you,
 If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make THYRSIS' heart your prey :
 For that delight,
 The graces of a well-taught mind,
 In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, FLAVIA ! 'tis your love I fear ;
 LOVE's surest darts,
 Those which do seldom fail him, are
 Headed with hearts :

Their very shadows make us yield ;
 Dissemble well, and win the field.

The FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
 To take th' impress where she lay,
 See! how the mould, as loth to leave
 So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
 Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
 The coming spring would first appear :
 And all this place with roses strow,
 If busy feet would let them grow.

HERE VENUS smil'd, to see blind Chance
 Itself, before her Son, advance ;
 And a fair image to present,
 Of what the Boy so long had meant.
 'Twas such a chance as this, made all
 The world into this order fall ;
 Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
 Of which they were compos'd, lay ;
 So in their prime, with equal grace,
 Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down ;
 But touch him, and he'll tremble strait :
 How could he then support your weight ?
 How could the youth, alas! but bend
 When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd ?
 If ought by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

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Of SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares :

She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
SYLVIA the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from FLAVIA's self her name ;
Lest she provoking heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine, and die ;
Than her bright morning, over-cast
" With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

The BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose :
I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown :
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon ;

All that was meant by air, or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done,

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,

When FLAVIA it aspires to move?
When that, which life-less buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost!
See, how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted LOVE his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game.

Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear?

Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way:

The sun in figures, such as these,
Joys with the moon to play:

To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;

As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took flesh, and blood;
All that I worship'd as divine,

That beauty! now 'tis understood,

Appears

Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women, yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy rase
The print of that suppos'd face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond NARCISSUS did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

To a L A D Y, from whom he received a
Silver Pen,

M A D A M intending to have try'd
The silver favor which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the sable wave.
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd,

Suppose

Suppose you had deserv'd to take

From her fair hand so fair a boon ;

Yet how deserved I to make

So ill a change : who ever won

Immortal praise for what I wrote,

Instructed by her noble thought ?

I, that expressed her commands

To mighty Lords, and Princely dames,

Always most welcome to their hands ;

Proud that I would record their names ;

Must now be taught an humble style.

Some meaner beauty to beguile !

So I, the wronged pen to please,

Make it my humble thanks express

Unto your Ladyship, in these :

And now 'tis forced to confess,

That your great self did ne'er indite,

Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,

Your favors with your fears increase,

And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves

Her fruit, and state, while no wind blows,

In storms from that uprightness swerves :

And the glad earth about her strows

With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
 CHLORIS! I feel my life decay;
 That pow'rful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh! suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, CHLORIS, peace! or singing die;
 That together you, and I,
 To heav'n may go;
 For all we know
 Of what the Blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Of Loving at First Sight.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
 Or the new sea explore,
 Snatch'd from my self, how far behind
 Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
 In the smooth bosom of this Deep!
 No: 'tis so rockless, and so clear,
 That the rich bottom does appear
 Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
 From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,
 Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
 The eye may in a moment reach,
 And read distinctly in her face.

Some

Some other nymphs, with colors faint,
 And pencil slow, may CUPID paint,
 And a weak heart in time destroy;
 She has a stamp, and prints the Boy:
 Can, with a single look, inflame
 The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

The SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you less,
 Than when before your feet I lay:
 But, to prevent the sad increase
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing,
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun
 Already has a fever got,
 Too late begins those shafts to shun,
 Which PHOEBUS thro' his veins has shot:

Too late he would the pain assuage,
 And to thick shadows does retire:
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire,

But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd servant trouble you:
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd
 That hadst thou sprung
 In desarts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet, and fair !

T H Y R S I S, G A L A T E A.

T H Y R S I S.

AS lately I on silver THAMES did ride,
 Sad GALATEA on the bank I spy'd :
 Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine ;
 And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

G A L A T E A.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well;
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note ; and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair Nymph ! I have in your delights no share ;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care :
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew ;
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance ;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord :
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood ;
And in high grace with GLORIANA stood :
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such.
That none e're thought her happiness too much :
So well-inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as heav'n had been to her !
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That tho' few years (too few alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendent which adorns her so,
And, until autumn, on the bough should grow :

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* PAR

So seem'd her youthful soul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow ;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

T H Y R S I S.

Under how hard a law are mortals born !
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes !
But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad Nymph ! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name :
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The list'ning trees, and savage mountains, groan ;
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?

G A L A T E A.

'Twas HAMILTON ! ---whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

On the Head of a S T A G.

SO we some antique Hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty NIMROD did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.

* PARCE

O fertil head ! which ev'ry year
 Could such a crop of wonder bear !
 The teeming earth did never bring.
 So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
 Which might it never had been cast,
 (Each year's growth added to the last,)
 These lofty branches had supply'd
 The EARTH's bold sons' prodigious pride :
 Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
 When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in retirement.

SEES not my Love, how time resumes
 The glory which he lent these flow'rs ?
 Though none should taste of their perfumes,
 Yet must they live but some few hours :
 TIME, what we forbear, devours !

Had HELEN, or th' *EGYPTIAN Queen,
 Been near so thrifty of their graces ;
 Those beauties must at length have been
 The spoil of age' which finds out faces
 In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless show'r ;
 Upon the autumn, or the spring,
 And spare us neither fruit, nor flow'r ;
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of coming years, than more respect
 Where due to so divine a fashion ;
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

* CLEOPATRA.

The

The Miser's Speech; in a Masque.

BALLS of this metal slack'd ATLANTA's peace,
 And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the race:
 VENUS, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own,) Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to MARS, could well advise
 Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
 Nor less may JUPITER to gold ascribe:
 For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
 Who can blame DANAE, or the brazen tow'r
 That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
 Never till then, did LOVE make JOVE put on
 A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
 That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
 'Twas not revenge for griev'd APOLLO's wrong.
 Those ass's ears on MIDAS' temples hung:
 But fond repentance of his happy wish,
 Because his meat grew metal like his dish,
 Would BACCHUS bless me so, I'd constant hold
 Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
 Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, indures
 A remedy like those whom music cures.
 Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
 Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:

* HIPPOmenes.

L

So

So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
 That, what-e'er custom has impos'd on men,
 Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,
 That scarce a brother can his brother know)
 Is represented to the wond'ring eyes
 Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.
 Who-ever in those glasses looks, may find
 The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind :
 And by the help of so divine an art,
 At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.
 NARCISSUS, cozen'd by that flattering Well,
 Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
 Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
 Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
 But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
 In flesh and blood so well, that PLATO had
 Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
 Virtue with colors, speech, and motion grac'd.
 The fundry postures of thy copious Muse
 Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
 Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;
 For as thou could'st all characters impart,
 So none could render thine ; which still escapes,
 Like PROTEUS, in variety of shapes :
 Who was, nor this, nor that ; but all we find,
 And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S Plays.

FLETCHER ! to thee we do not only owe
 All these good plays, but those of others too :
 Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage ;
 Credits the last, and entertains this age.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 83

No Worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave MELANTIUS in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy ASPASIA weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable * MAID.
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy SCORNFUL LADY seems to mock my toil.

Thus has the muse at once improv'd, and mar'd,
Our sport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are meas'ring casts,
Their emulation, and their pastimes lasts:
But, if some brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and tofs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, on his Trans-
lation of some parts of the Bible.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,

* The Maid's Tragedy.

Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire!
What-ever those inspired souls

Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;

Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow

Courage on thee, to soar so high?

Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so

To shake off all mortality?

To light this torch, thou hast climb'd high'r

Than * he who stole cœlestial fire.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then
newly set a song of mine in the Year 1635.

V ERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.

As when in open air we blow,

The breath (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low:

But if a trumpet take the blast

It lifts it high, and makes it last:

So in your Airs our numbers drest,

Make a shrill sally from the breast

Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,

Our passions to themselves commend;

While LOVE, victorious with thy art,

Governs at once their voice, and heart.

You, by the help of tune, and time,

Can make that song, which was but rhyme:

* PROMETHEUS.

Nov

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 85

NOY, pleading, no man doubts the cause;
Or questions verses set by LA WES.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim, and faint :
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the Poets' pride :
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost :
The writers and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ur, Re, Mi* :
Let words, and sense, be set by thee.

To Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, upon
his Two First Books of GONDIBERT,
written in FRANCE.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home;
Her native wood when storms and winter come ;
Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.
The drooping HEBREWS' banish'd harps, unstrung
At BABYLON, upon the willows hung :
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No less in courage, than in singing well ;
While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you :
Who, with the MUSES' help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
So OVID, when from CÆSAR's rage he fled,
The ROMAN Muse to PONTUS with him led :

Where he so sung, that we thro' pity's glass,
 See NERO milder than AUGUSTUS was.
 Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
 Th' indulgent censure of posterity.

To banish those who with such art can sing,
 Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring:
 Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought.
 Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
 This to thy self.---Now to thy matchless book:

Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
 May find old love in pure fresh language told;
 Like new stamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
 Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
 In such a stile as courts may boast of now:

Which no bold tales of Gods or monsters swell;
 But human passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
 Drawn to the light in each elaborate page.

MARS NOT BELLONA, are not named here;
 But such a GONDIBERT as both might fear:
 VENUS had here, and HERES, been out shin'd,
 By thy bright BRITNA, and thy RHODALIND.
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
 Betwixt thy Worthies, and the GREECIAN Gods!
 Whose Deities in vain had here gone down,
 Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown:
 Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
 Though not resisted, may be understood.

To

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 87

To my Worthy Friend, Mr. WASE, the
Translator of GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a hunting go,
Through groves that on PARNASSUS grow.

The MUSES all the chase adorn;
My friend on PEGASUS is born;
And young APOLLO winds the horn.

Having old GRATIUS in the wind,
No pack of criticks e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent, or speed;
And how to change, or mend, the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame;
With all the myst'ries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from sun to sun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse, court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage :

Since none doth more to PHOEBUS owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

To his worthy Friend Master EVELYN,
upon his Translation of LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim in ENGLISH verse,
No monarch rules the universe :
But chance and atoms make this ALL
In order democratical ;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit ;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd ;
'Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispart them all,
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem

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The ROMAN language (which was spread
 O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
 A tongue too narrow to unfold
 The wonders which the world have told.
 This spakes thy glory, noble friend !
 And BRITISH language does commend :
 For here, LUCRETIVS whole we find
 His words, his music, and his mind.
 Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ, and all he thought.
 OVID translated, VIRGIL too,
 Shew'd long since what our tongue could do :
 Nor LUCIAN we, nor HORACE spar'd ;
 Only LUCRETIVS was too hard.
 LUCRETIVS, like a Fort, did stand
 Untouch'd ; till your victorious hand
 Did from his head this garland bear,
 Which now upon your own you wear.
 A garland ! made of such new bays,
 And fought in such untrodden ways ;
 As no man's temples e'er did crown,
 Save this great author's, and your own.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIG-
 GONS, upon his Translation of the VE-
 NETIAN Triumph.

THE * winged lions not so fierce in fight,
 As LIBERI's hand presents him to our sight :
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
 Or roar so loud, as BUSINELLO's verse :

* The Arms of Venice.

But

The

But your translation does all three excell,
 The fight, the piece, and lofty BUSINESS.
 As there small gallies may not hold compare
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air:
 So does th' ITALIAN to your genius vail,
 Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler, gale.
 Thus, while your Muse spreads the VENETIAN story,
 You make all EUROPE emulate her glory:
 You make them blush, weak VENICE should defend
 The cause of heav'n, while they for words contend;
 Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
 Because they're taught to use some different phrase,
 If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars
 Compose, and on the TURK discharge these wars;
 Our BRITISH arms the sacred tomb might wrest,
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
 And then you might our own high deeds recite,
 And with great TASSE celebrate the fight.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh HYLAS! why sit we mute,
 Now that each bird saluteth rhe spring?
 Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
 Never can'st thou want matter to sing:
 For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
 That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
 Of various flow'rs the bees do compose:
 Yet no particular taste it brings
 Of violent, woodbine, pink, or rose:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 95

So, love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS

HYLAS! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire

HYLAS.

CHLORIS! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring:
Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

In Answer to Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verses.

C O N.

*STAY here fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
Knowing too much, long since left Paradise.*

P R O.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

C O N.

*The virtues joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride: and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.*

P R O.

P R O.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
 Be stil'd virtuous, and the end not so?
 Talk in your sleep, shadows still admire!
 'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
 But—to sleep better: for who-e'er drinks deep
 Of this NEPENTHE, rocks himself asleep.

C O N.

*Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroy;
 And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
 Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
 As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
 By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
 What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.*

P R O.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy;
 But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
 And if fruition did the taste impare
 Of kisses, why should yonder happy Pair,
 Whose joys just HYMEN warrants all the night,
 Consume the day too in this less delight?

C O N.

*Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
 The homelyest thing that mankind does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, children there must be—
 So must bread too: but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?*

P R O.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hine
 Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:

But

But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
 For when ANCHISES did fair VENUS know,
 What int'rest had poor VULCAN in the boy,
 Famous ÆNEAS, or the present joy?

C O N.

*Women enjoy'd, what'er before they've been,
 Are like Romances read, scenes once seen:
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the play, much more
 Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.*

P R O.

Plays and Romances, read, and seen, do fall
 In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
 Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
 Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

C O N.

*'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.*

P R O.

If 'twice not heav'n, if we knew what it were.
 'Twould not be heav'n those that now are there.

C O N.

*And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
 Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
 And leaves us room to guess: so here, restraint
 Holds up delight, that which excess would faint.*

P R O.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
 But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
 In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?

We

We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
 And nature blame for limiting our sight:
 Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON.

*They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
 He's only rich that cannot tell his store.*

P R O.

Not he, that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a Friend, of the different Success of
 their Loves.

THREE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
 Which first began to love, or loves most now:
 Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
 Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
 To be victorious, in the first essay.
 Sure love's an art best practis'd at first
 And where the experienced still prosper work!
 I, with a different fate, pursu'd in vain
 The haughty CÆLIA; 'till my just disdain
 Of her neglect, above that passion born,
 Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
 Now she relents; but all too late, to move
 A heart directed to a nobler love:
 The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
 Now, than my vows, and service, did before.
 So, in some well-rought hangings, you may see
 How HECTOR leads, and how the GRECIANS flee:
 Here,

Here, the fierce MARS his courage so inspires,
 That with bold hand the ARGIVE fleet he fires:
 But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
 And frighted TROY retires within her walls:
 They that are foremost in that bloody race,
 Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chase.
 So like the chances are of love, and war,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
 In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly:
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

AN APOLOGY for having lov'd before.

THEY that never had the use
 Of the grape's surprizing juice,
 To the first delicious cup
 All their reason render up:
 Neither do, nor care to know,
 Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
 Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
 To the first that's fair, or kind,
 Make a present of their heart:
 'Tis not she that first we love,
 But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
 Stars gave the first delight;
 Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
 Those little drops of light.

* MIMERA.

Then,

Here,

Then, at AURORA, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise :

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well form'd earth !
Urge not thus your haughty-birth :
The pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince !----alas ! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall ?
Nor all appear among those few.
Worthy the stock from whence they grew :
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, thro' all the boughs is spread ;
But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :
The place does oft those graces give.

Great

Great JULIUS, on the mountains bred,
 A flock perhaps, or herd, had led :
 * He that the world subdu'd, had been
 But the best wrestler on the green.
 'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
 The hidden seeds of native worth :
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise
 Into such flames as touch the skies,
 To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
 A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n:
 Of mortal seed they were not held,
 Which other mortals so excell'd.
 And beauty too, in such excess
 As yours, ZELINDA ! claims no less :
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady grove,
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove :
 And yet excuse the faultless dame,
 Caught with her spouse's shape, and name :
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

To my Lady MORTON on NEW-YEARS
 DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom you are so kind:
 Still as they pass, they court and smile on you ;
 And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.

* ALEXANDER.

To the fair VILLARS we DALKEITH prefer;
 And fairest MORTON now as much to her:
 So like the sun's advance your titles show,
 Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow,

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
 Gives you but mirtle, who may challenge bays;
 From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
 Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
 If JUDITH, marching with the General's head,
 Can give us passion when her story's read;
 What may the living do, which brought away
 Tho' a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?

Who from our flaming TROY, with a bold hand
 Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand;
 A brand! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart;
 And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
 So VENUS, from prevailing GREEKS, did shrowd
 The † hope of ROME, and say'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
 Begin a better, and absolve this age.
 Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
 Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime!
 Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
 This portion only may endure the light,
 Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless shape
 Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
 When thro' the guards, the river, and the sea,
 Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
 As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
 The forest wasted; and that lofty tree

* HENRIETTA MARIA, youngest Daughter to K. CH. I.

† K. CHARLES II. † ÆNEAS.

Which

Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
 Before the feathers of her young are grown ;
 She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
 But bears them boldly on her wings away :
 So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
 Her princely burthen to the GALLIC shore.
 Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
 Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
 Tho' now she flies her native isle, (less kind,
 Less safe for her than either sea, or wind !)
 Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
 See her great Brother on the BRITISH throne :
 Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
 But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that such horror, and such grace,
 Should dwell together in one place ;
 A Fury's arm, an Angel's face !

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
 In CHLORIS' fancy such mistakes,
 To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
 Her servants have a task too hard :
 The tyrant has a double guard !

O thrice happy snake ! that in her sleeve
 May boldly creep ; we dare not give
 Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
 He lies, as he his bliss did know ;
 And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair EVE ! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake :

A marble once so warm'd would speak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn
in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from MIRA's charms :

MIRA can lay her beauty by,

Take no advantage of the eye ;

Quit all that LILY's art can take,

And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,

Than in another's song is found :

And all her well-plac'd words are darts,

Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,

Shew'd by the night, are hid by day :

So we, in that accomplish'd mind,

Help'd by the night, new graces find,

Which by the splendor of her view,

Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark

No want of day, nor think it dark :

Her shining image is a light

Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,

Her beauty by the shade does get :

There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,

All that our passion might restrain,

Is hid, and our indulgent mind

Presents the fair idea kind.

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 101

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care :
He that on her his bold hand lays
With CUPID'S pointed arrows plays ;
They with a touch, (they are so keen !)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ship-wreck'd by her breath :
LOVE, favor'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail ;
'Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So, we th' ARABIAN coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow ;
By the rich odor taught to steer,
Tho' neither day, nor stars appear.

Part of the fourth Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS
translated.

Beginning at V. 437.

* * * * *Talesque miserrima fletus*
Fertque refertque soror. * * * *

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas, et cœrula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping * sister does repeat
To the † stern man, whom nothing could intreat ;
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears !
Fate, and great Jove, had stop'd his gentle ears.

* ANNA. † ÆNEAS.

As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
 Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
 His reeling trunk ; and with a boist'rous sound
 Scatter his leaves; and strew them on the ground :
 He fixed stands ; as deep his root doth lie
 Down to the centre, as his top is high :
 No less on ev'ry side the Hero prest,
 Feels love, and pity, shake his noble breast ;
 And down his cheeks tho' fruitless tears do roul,
 Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
 Then DIDO, urged with approaching fate,
 Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate :
 Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
 Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy !
 The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
 Appears all black to her amaz'd eyes ;
 The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
 Which from her none, not her own sister knows,
 Besides, there stood, as sacred to her * Lord,
 A marble temple which she much ador'd ;
 With snowy fleeces, and fresh garlands, crown'd ;
 Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound ;
 Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb :
 And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
 Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
 Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold :
 Scorn'd, and desert'd, to herself she seems ;
 And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad PENTHEUS, double THEBES appears,
 And Furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
 ORESTES so, with like distraction tost,
 Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

* SICHÆUS.

Now

Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive;
 Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
 Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
 (Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
 She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
 The cure I have invented for my love.
 Beyond the land of *ÆTHIOPIA*, lies
 The place where *ATLAS* does support the skies
 Hence came an old magician, that did keep
 Th' *HESPERIAN* fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
 Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
 And, where she lifts, makes calmest minds to grieve:
 The course of rivers, and of heav'n, can stop,
 And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top:
 Witness, ye Gods! and thou my dearest part!
 How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
 Erect a pile, and on it let us place
 That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
 With all the reliques of our impious guest,
 Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest;
 (The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
 May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
 For which she doth these sacred rites pretend.
 Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
 Would follow, than *SICHÆUS*' murder wrought;
 Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
 The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie;
 Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round;
 So by herself was her own fun'ral crown'd!
 Upon the top the *TROJAN*'s image lies,
 And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.

They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
 The magic prophetess begins her pray'r :
 On CHAOS, EREBUS, and all the Gods,
 Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
 She loudly calls ; besprinkling all the room
 With drops, suppos'd from LETHE'S lake to come.
 She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
 Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
 A cake of leaven in her pious hands
 Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands :
 One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
 Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
 And ev'ry Pow'r ; if any be above,
 Which takes regard of ill-requited love !

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
 Their careful temples in the dew of SLEEP :
 On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
 A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell :
 But not on DIDO ! whose untamed mind
 Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd :
 A double passion in her breast does move,
 Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
 Thus she afflicts her soul : What shall I do ?
 With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo ?
 And some proud Prince, in wild NUMIDIA born,
 Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn ?
 Or, shall I with the ungrateful TROJAN go ?
 Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe ?
 Is not enough, by sad experience ! known
 The perjur'd race of false LAOMEDON ?
 With my SIDONIANS shall I give them chase,
 Bands hardly forced from their native place ?

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 105

No,—dye! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'd me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to SICHÆUS still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the DARDANIAN does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and color, all like MERCURY.

Fair VENUS' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to dye;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd ÆNEAS, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men.
Behold! the Gods command our flight again:
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread:
What God so'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey.
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way.
And make the rest propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:

Plac'd

Plac'd on their banks; the lusty TROJANS sweep
NEPTUNE'S smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep.

On the Picture of a Fair Youth, taken
after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new;
Look gay, and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow;
So love, and beauty, still their visage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had mar'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

On a Brede of divers Colors, woven by
Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine:
As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various are their thought.
Not JUNO'S bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorn the skies:
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR,
of the present Greatness, and joint Interest
of his HIGHNESS, and this Nation.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command ;
Protect us from our selves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too :

Let partial spirits still aloud complain :
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign :
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as NEPTUNE shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the TROJAN race :
So, has your HIGHNESS, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the IRISH come,
And the unwilling SCOTS, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own : and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our Fleet :
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance EUROPE, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on BRITAIN smile ;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent ;

Or

Or thus created ; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your Court ;
And then your HIGHNESS, not for ours alone;
But for the world's PROTECTOR shall be known:

FAME, swifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies ;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy, and rapine, use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced, by the sea, and You ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea ;
And ev'ry coast may trouble, or relieve :
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive :
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set;
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves ;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As EGYPT does not on the clouds rely,
But to the NILE owes more than to the sky ;
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

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The taste of hot ARABIA's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun, that makes it grow:
 Without the warm, in PERSIAN silks we shine;
 And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
 Gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims:
 Ours is the harvest where the INDIANS mow,
 We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
 Stout are our men, and warlick are our steeds:
 ROME, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
 Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third EDWARD, and the BLACK PRINCE to,
 FRANCE-conqu'ring HENRY flourish'd; and now
 For whom we stay'd, as did the GRECIAN state, [You:
 Till ALEXANDER came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the MACEDONIAN cry'd,
 He wist not THETIS in her lap did hide
 Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
 To make more great than That he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
 Against th' unwarlike PERSIAN, and the MEDE;
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
 More spoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
 The CALEDONIANS, arm'd with want, and cold,
 Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
 Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old ROMAN wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new chain of garrisons you bind:

Here

Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our ENGLISH iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allowed them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of ROME.

Like favor find the IRISH, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:
While by your valor, and our bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

HOLLAND, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-gard on the continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing Posts, the terror, and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage,

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 111

To pardon, willing ; and to punish, loth ;
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
 Lifting up all that prostrate lye, you grieve
 You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age mis-led,
 And o'er this nation such confusion spread ;
 The only cure, which could from heav'n come down,
 Was so much pow'r, and piety, in one,

One ! whose extraction from an antient line
 Gives hopes again that well-born men may shine :
 The meanest, in your nature mild and good ;
 The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
 A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
 How much a ruling spirit you could restrain,
 And practice first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
 How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live :
 Born to command, your Princely virtues slept
 Like humble DAVID'S, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
 Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
 Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you ;
 Changed like the world's great scene ! when, without
 The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
 Run, with amazement we should read your story :

But

But living virtue, all atchievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found: and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken BRUTUS thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars:
To such a tempest, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm, prevent the fall.

If ROME's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into AUGUSTUS' arms did cast:
So ENGLAND now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the MUSES, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our MARS in fight:

Tell

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 113

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choak
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse;
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse:
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays, and olive, bring.

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of SPAIN
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;
While she bid war to all, that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste;
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver, and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors, and Popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
EUROPE was shaken with her INDIAN mines.

When BRITAIN, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of SPAIN;
And knowing well, that empire must decline,
Whose chief support, and sinews are of coin;
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose

N

And

Tell

And now some months, encamping on the Main,
 Our naval army had besieged SPAIN :
 They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
 Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd ;
 From whence, our red Cross they triumphant see,
 Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the ENGLISH make it their abode :
 Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,
 And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky :
 Our oaks secure, as if they there took root ;
 We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while, the SPANIARDS in AMERICA
 Near to the Line the sun approaching saw ;
 And hoped their EUROPEAN coasts to find
 Clear'd from our ships, by the autumnal wind :
 Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
 The lab'ring winds drive slowly tow'rd's their fate.
 Before St. LUCAR they their guns discharge,
 To tell their joy, or to invite a barge :
 This heard some ships of ours (tho' out of view)
 And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew :
 So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
 Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
 And with their smoky cannons banish day :
 Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
 And in their sable arms embrace the Fleets.
 Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
 And, of one wound, hundreds together die :
 Born under diff'rent stars, one fate they have ;
 The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave !

Bold

* of BAJ

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
 Spread their new sails, when ship-wreck was the worst :
 More danger now from man alone we find,
 Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
 They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
 Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
 In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
 Without the guilt of either rock, or sea !
 What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
 Surpassing storms in terror, and in noise.
 Once Jove from IDA did both hosts survey,
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray :
 Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound :
 The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
 Some, we made prize ; while others burnt and rent,
 With their rich lading to the bottom went :
 Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports !)
 The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
 Vain man ! whose rage buries as low that store,
 As avarice had dig'd for it before ;
 What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
 From greedy hands, lies safer in the Deep :
 Where THETIS kindly does from mortals hide
 Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
 Fell, with the noblest of our enemies :
 The * Marquis, (glad to see the fire destroy
 Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
 Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
 To perish in a milder element :
 Then laid him by his burning Lady's side ;
 And, since he could not save her, with he dy'd.

* of BAJADOZ.

N 2

Spices,

Bold

Spices, and gums, about them melting fry;
 And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they dye:
 Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
 And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
 Ashes! more worth than all their fun'ral cost;
 Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
 These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
 Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
 Beauty, and youth, about to perish, finds
 Such noble pity in brave ENGLISH minds;
 That, (the rich spoil forgot, their valor's prize,)
 All labour now to save their enemies.
 How frail our passions! how soon changed are
 Our wrath, and fury, to a friendly care!
 They that but now for honor, and for plate,
 Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
 And, their young foes endeavoring to retrieve,
 With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious MONTAGU,
 With laurels in his hand, and half PERU.
 Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
 Our great PROTECTOR hath such wreaths enough:
 His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
 Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
 Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
 And the state fix'd by making him a crown!
 With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
 A royal sceptre, made of SPANISH gold.

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Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:

His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;

And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:

About his palace their broad roots are tost

Into the air.----So ROMULUS was lost!

New ROME in such a tempest mis'd her King;

And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.

On OETA'S top thus HERCULES lay dead,

With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him spread.

The popular too, whose bough he wont to wear

On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.

Those his last fury from the mountain rent:

Our dying Hero from the continent.

Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from SPANIARDS
rest,

As his last legacy to BRITAIN left.

The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,

Could give no limits to his vaster mind,

Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;

Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle:

Under the tropic is our language spoke:

And part of FLANDERS hath receiv'd our yoke.

From civil broils he did us dis-engage;

Found nobler objects for our martial rage:

And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd

The antient way of conquer'ng abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow

To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.

Princes that fear'd him, grieve ; concern'd to see
 No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
 Nature herself took notice of his death,
 And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
 That, to remotest shores her billows roul'd,
 Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

To the KING, upon His MAJESTY'S
 Happy Return.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
 First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of
 At such a distance from our eyes, as tho' [light
 He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
 In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
 Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
 (Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
 And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize ;
 That, if your grace incline that we should live,
 You must not, Sir ! too hastily forgive.
 Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
 Which scatter spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious ! and this faulty land,
 Like fainting ESTHER, does before you stand,
 Watching your sceptre : the revolted sea
 Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.

GREAT BRITAIN, like blind POLYPHEME, of
 In a wild rage, became the scorn, and hate, [late,
 Of her proud neighbours ; who began to think,
 She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.

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But you are come, and all their hopes are vain ;
 This Giant-Iſle has got her eye again.
 Now, ſhe might ſpare the ocean ; and oppoſe
 Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
 Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
 Dangers abroad ; and now, your thunder ſhall
 Princes that ſaw you different paſſions prove ;
 For now they dread the object of their love ;
 Nor without envy can behold his height,
 Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
 So SEMELE, contented with the rape
 Of JOVE, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape ;
 When ſhe beheld his hand with lightning fill'd,
 And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And tho' it be our ſorrow, and our crime,
 To have accepted life ſo long a time
 Without you here ; yet does this abſence gain
 No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign.
 For, having view'd the perſons, and the things.
 The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength of EUROPE'S Kings,
 You know your work ; ambition to reſtrain,
 And ſet them bounds, as heav'n does to the Main.
 We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
 Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice, taught.
 So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd :
 Is the whole night, for our concern, employ'd :
 He ripens ſpices, fruit, and pretious gums,
 Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This feat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
 Had ARCHIMEDES known, he might have prov'd
 His engin's force, fix'd here : your pow'r, and ſkill,
 Makes the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suffring Monarch! the first ENGLISH-born
 That has the crown of these three nations worn!
 How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
 Of your own soil, contended half an age?
 Till (your try'd virtue, and your sacred word,
 At last preventing your unwilling sword)
 Armies, and fleets, which kept out so long.
 Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his wrong.
 When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
 Nor longer from their inclinations held,
 Break forth at once, like powder set on fire:
 And, with a noble rage, their KING require.
 So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
 To gain some acres, avarice did force,
 If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
 No longer will from her old channel stay;
 Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
 And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
 To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
 All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroid;
 Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * MACEDONIAN got,
 For having rudely cut the GORDIAN knot;
 What glory's due to him, that could divide,
 Such ravel'd int'rests? has the knot unt'y'd,
 And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
 Where craft, and malice, such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
 To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
 Of self-demolish'd JERICO so low:
 His Angel 'twas that did before you go:

* ALEXANDER.

Tam'd

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 121

Tam'd savage hearts, and made affection yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends : [ends,
For, tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could indure the shock ?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude INDIANS, tort'ring all the royal race.
Him with the throne, and dear-bought sceptre grace,
That suffers best : what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd ?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind :
And this way too you are victorious found ;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd,
While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, law, and piety, (that banish'd train !)
Justice, and truth, with you return again :
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud, or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase ;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again :
Kind

Kind heav'n at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * **

HORAT.

On St. JAMES'S PARK, as lately improved
by his MAJESTY.

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rowling by the side
Of EDEN's garden, here flows-in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as seas, to which they go.
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown:
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of ORPHEUS, or AMPHION's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough, to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous shade:

The

The gallants dancing by the river side ;
 They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
 Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
 And the loud ECHO which returns the notes :
 While over-heard a flock of new-sprung fowl
 Hangs in the air, and does the sun controul,
 Dark'ning the sky : they hover o'er, and shrowd
 The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
 Beneath, a shole of silver fishes glides,
 And plays about the gilded barges' sides :
 The ladies angling in the chrystal lake,
 Feast on the waters with the prey they take :
 At once victorious with their lines, and eyes.
 They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.
 A thousand CUPIDS on the billows ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide :
 From THETIS sent as spies, to make report,
 And tells the wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
 All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
 Or dead, the palate, here you may descry :
 The choicest things that furnish'd NOAH's ark,
 Or PETER's sheet, inhabiting this Park :
 All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
 Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
 Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup :
 There ice, like chrystal firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot July with December's frost !
 Winters dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
 Tho' the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.

Strange !

Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the ALPS, or in deep caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy.
To see our Prince his matchless force employ :
His manly posture, and his graceful mein,
Vigor, and youth, in all his motions seen :
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall :
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees :
Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky,
In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd ;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light, and noise,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here CHARLES contrives the ord'ring of his states,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes' fates :
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
The world, from INDIA to the frozen north,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives ;
The prospect thought, and contemplation, gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply ;

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 125

The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, WHITEHALL;
 Built with the fortune or ROME's Capitol:
 Both, disproportion'd to the present state
 Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
 From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
 It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
 There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep
 Making the circle of their reign complete,
 Those sons of empire! where they rise, they set.
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The crown should triumph over popular rage:
 Hard by that ‡ House where all our ills were shap'd,
 Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on ÆTNA does unmelted lye,
 Whence rowling flames, and scatter'd cinders, fly;
 The distant country in the ruin shares
 What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
 Next, that || capacious Hall, he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come:
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
 Here, like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below:
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find:
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
 And with himself his best adviser talks:

* Cardinal WOLSEY.

† Westminster-Abby.

‡ House of Commons.

|| Westminster-Hall.

For

How peaceful olive may his temples shade;
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
 Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
 What ruling arts gave great AUGUSTUS fame;
 And how ALCIDES purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his * native Palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater argument:
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see.
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
 A Prince, on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile!
 Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
 Could promise, or foretell, he will make good:
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS;
 in the Year 1683.

THE moderen NIMROD, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight;
 Grown proud, and weary of his wanted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A Prince, with eunuchs, and the softer sex,
 Shut up so long, would warlick nations vex:
 Provoke the GERMAN, and neglecting heav'n,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

* St. James's.

His

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
 The chief * imperial city of the west,
 With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
 His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize :
 The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
 Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
 The flying TURKS, that bring the tidings home,
 Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom :
 And his guard murmurs that so often brings
 Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling SULTAN's forc'd to expiate
 His own ill conduct, by another's fate :
 The grand visier, a tyrant, tho' a slave,
 A fair example to his master gave ;
 He BASSAS' heads, to save his own, made fly,
 And now, the SULTAN to preserve, must dye.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
 When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought :
 Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
 And of undoubted victory did boast.
 Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,
 To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud :
 That of the great, neglecting to be just,
 Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The TURKS so low, why should the Christians lose
 Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes ?
 Neglect ther present ruin to compleat,
 Before another SOLYMAN they get ?
 Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
 That num'rous herd, by such a lion led.
 He RHODES, and BUDA, from the Christians tore,
 Which timely union might again restore.

* Vienna.

But,

But, sparing **TURKS**, as if with rage possess'd;
 The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd:
 Cities, and provinces, so dearly won,
 That the victorious people are undone!

What angel shall descend, to reconcile
 The Christian-states, and end their guilty toil?
 A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot ask,
 Than **BRITAIN'S** King, for such a glorious task:
 His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
 Gives him the fair, and favor, of mankind.
 His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
 On that relying, all their quarrels end.
 The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,
 What **ROME** had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
 And soldiers have their portion in the same:
 In this successful union, we find
 Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
 'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
 Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
 Without a Tax upon his subjects laid;
 Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
 And what can the to such a Prince deny,
 With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
 This happy way he march'd into the throne:
 And we owe more to heav'n, than to the sword,
 The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

CHARLES by old **GREECE** with a new freedom
 Above her antique Heroes shall be plac'd. [grac'd,
 What **THESEUS** did, or **THEBAN HERCULES**.
 Holds no compare with this victorious peace:

Which

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 129

Which on the TURKS shall greater honor gain,
Than all their giants, and their monsters, slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

To the QUEEN, upon her MAJESTY'S
Birth-Day, after her happy Recovery
from a dangerous Sickness.

FAREWELL the year! which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.

Welcome the new! whose ev'ry day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless beauty does repair;
So fast, that the approaching spring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring,
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.

But, we recover not so fast

The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,
A pattern to this island giv'n;
To shew us what the Bless'd do there;
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then indure;
And tremble yet, as not secure.
Tho' the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free;

O

The

The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials, and elixirs, fail'd
On your pale cheek, he drop'd the show'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY,
on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
'The Saint above, th' INFANTA here.
May all those years, which CATHERINE
The Martyr, did for heav'n resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!
May heav'n itself content
With CATHERINE the Saint!

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Without appearing old,
 An hundred times may you,
 With eyes as bright as now,
 This welcome day behold!

Of her MAJESTY ON NEW-YEAR'S
 DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
 How are we chang'd, since we first saw the
 She, like the Sun, does still the same appear; [Queen?
 Bright as she was at her arrival here!

TIME has commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry New-Year find her still the same,
 In health, and beauty, as she hither came!

When Lords, and Commons, with united voice,
 Th' INFANTA nam'd, approv'd the royal choice;
 First of our Queens, whom not the KING alone,
 But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
 The* glorious Prince, that does the TURK confound.
 Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
 And her example chafes vice away.

Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

Of TEA, commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, PHOEBUS has his bays;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show

* JOHN SOBIESKI, K. of Poland.

To the fair region, where the sun does rise ;
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid ;
 Repress those vapors which the head invade ;
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit, on her Birth-day, to salute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors :
 Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

A MAZE us not with that majestic frown ;
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown !
 And for that look, which does your people awe,
 When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
 Lay it by here ; and give a gentler smile !
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
 He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
 Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
 And after do as love, and fortune, will :
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise ;
 In our own cloaths more serious, and more wise.
 Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold ;
 We seem warm lovers, tho' our breasts be cold.
 A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
 If we act well the parts to which we're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE: and of her Portrait written by the late Dutchess of YORK while she lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the BRITISH Court!
Into whose arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the INDIES were:
Tho' streighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native Isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth; or worth describe so well,
So, while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,
And more our weakness, than the place, express;
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen, and known.
To the Dutchess of ORLEANS, when she was
taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT fun of beauty did among us rise,
ENGLAND first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In ENGLISH too your early wit was shown:
Favor that language! which was then your own,

* Lady ANNE HYDE.

When, thro' a child, tho' guards you made your way:
 What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
 Thrice happy BRITAIN! if she could retain,
 Whom she first bred, within her ambient Main,
 Our late-burnt LONDON, in apparel new,
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
 No wind can favor us; howe'er it blows,
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell----
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell!

Upon her * MAJESTY'S new-Buildings at
 SOMMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT QUEEN! that does our Island bless,
 With Princes, and with Palaces:
 Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
 Returning, you adorn the town;
 And, with a brave revenge, do show
 Their glory went, and came, with you.

While peace from hence, and you were gone,
 Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
 Those wounds which civil rage did give,
 At once you pardon, and relieve.

Constant to ENGLAND in your love,
 As birds are to their wonted grove;
 Tho' by rude hands their nests are spoil'd.
 There, the next spring, again they build.

* HENRIETTA MARIA, Q. Dowager of K. CHARLES I.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not BRITAIN, for that fatal war :
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here,

But what new mine this work supplies ?
Can such a pile from ruin rise ?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality, and bounty too,
(Those diff'ring virtues meet in you ;
From a confin'd, well manag'd, store,
You both employ, and feed the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride, and cost !
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.

This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind :
The state, and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd :
And all to such advantage plac'd !
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Ent'ring, beneath us we descry ;
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend ;
All seems before her weary feet to bend :
And here, as she was born, she lies :
High, without taking pains to rise.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR hand ! that can on virgin-paper write,
 Yet from the stain of ink, preserve it white,
 Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
 Light track of leverets in morning-snow.
 LOVE's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
 Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
 Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
 Without the help of colors, or of oil !
 For, tho' a painter boughs, and leaves, can make ;
 'Tis you alone, can make them bend and shake :
 Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
 ORPHEUS could make the forest dance ; but you
 Can make the motion, and the forest too.

To a L A D Y, from whom he received the
 foregoing Copy, which for many years
 had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
 All they subdue become their spies :
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
 Presented to oblige the Fair :
 No wonder then, that a lost thought
 Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair VENUS, (that
 For which men say, the Goddess sat)
 Was lost, 'till L E L Y from your look
 Again that glorious image took.

If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write :
All things, but one, you can restore :
The heart you get returns no more.

Of the Lady MARY, Princess of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came ;
A royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely, dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And HOLLAND from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not BELGIA's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise ;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

ORANGE, with youth, experience has ;
In action young, in council old :
ORANGE is what AUGUSTUS was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Blossoms, and fruit, at once are found :
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd !

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
In HOLLAND are, by great NASSAU :
Like those he sprung from, just, and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-

Thrice-happy pair! so near ally'd,
 In royal blood and virtue too!
 Now Love has you together ty'd,
 May none this triple knot undo!

The Church shall be the happy place
 Where streams which from the same source run,
 Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
 Unite again, and are made one,

A thousand thanks the nation owes
 To him that does protect us all:
 For, while he thus his niece bestows,
 About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which ATHENS had,
 By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
 Had theirs been such as CHARLES has made,
 That mighty state 'till now had stood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
 Their work shall with the world remain:
 Both bound together, live, or die,
 The verses, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last, in a daily changing tongue?
 While they are new, envy prevails:
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 The matter may betray their art:
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets

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Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in LATIN, or in GREEK ;
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

CHAUCER his sense can only boast ;
The glory of his numbers lost !
Years have defac'd his matchless strain ;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The Beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope ;
And all an ENGLISH pen can hope ;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty ; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Transla-
tion of HORACE, De Arte Poetica :
the Use of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her HORACE taught ;
Than we are here to comprehend his thought :
The Poet writ to noble PISO there ;
A noble PISO does instruct us here :
Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile ;
And with rich precepts does oblige our Isle :

BRITAIN :

BRITAIN ! whose genius is in verse express'd ;
Bold, and sublime ; but negligently dress'd.

HORACE will our superfluous branches prune,
Gives us new rules, and set our harp in tune ;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.

Tho' Poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy, and his judgment, shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence :
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from HELICON proceeds,
That sacred stream ! should never water weeds ;
Nor make the crop of thorns, and thistles, grow,
Which envy, or perverted nature, sow.

Well-founding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuse :
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold ;
But they move more, in lofty numbers told :
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The MUSE's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err :
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines,
Whether it be in council, or in fight,
His country's honor is his chief delight :
Praise of great Acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd).

Men

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 141

Men will be less indulgent to their faults ;
 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts
 Poets lose half the praise the should have got,
 Could it be known what the descreetly blot :
 Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
 May like the language of the Gods appear :
 Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
 Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake :
 Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
 And rising cities with their charming lutes.
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
 And civil life was by the MUSES taught.
 So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
 Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive :
 To rob the flow'rs, and to forbare the spoil ;
 Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil :
 They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
 And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM
 de BENTIVOGLIO suo.

FLORIBUS ANGLIGENIS non hanc tibi necto
 corollam,

Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber :
 Per me ROMA sciet tibi se debere, quod ANGLO
 Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.
 Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce CÆSARE vidit,
 Candida ROMULIDUM te duce scripta videt.

Consilio

Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!

Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.

Namque dolis Liber hic instructus, & arte BATAVA,

A BELGA nobis ut caveamus, ait.

Horremus per te civilis dira furoris

Vulnera ; discordes FLANDRIA quassa monet.

Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator ;

Qui regnant, leni sceptrâ tenere manu.

Maeste, COMES ! virtute nova ; vestri ordinis ingens

Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui !

Cum sternunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,

Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering his
Play Pandora, from a Tragedy into a co-
medy, because not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your
Play :

You had oblig'd us by employing wit

Not to reform PANDORA, but the Pit.

For, as the nightingal, without the throng

Of other birds, alone attends her song ;

While the loud daw, his throath displaying, draws

The whole assembly of his fellow-daws :

So, must the writer, whose productions should

Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould :

Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high

For common view, and lessen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH'S Expedition
into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (* the winged God)
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command :
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land ;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the Hero with continu'd light.

On foes surpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd ; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valor, or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke ;
And then like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look ;
The guilty SCOTS with such a terror strook ;
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many BRITONS should be lost :
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field :
And at the Court his int'rest does employ,
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind :
One! whose great mind, so bountiful, and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell ;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell :

* MERCURY.

And

And give a secret joy to * him that reigns,
 To see his blood triumph in MONMOUTH's veins:
 To see a Leader whom he got, and chose,
 Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the the sun, does beat
 With scorching rays, on all that's high, and great:
 This, ill-requited MONMOUTH! is the bough
 The MUSES send, to shade thy conquiring brow.
 Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
 But time, and thunder, pay respect to bays.
 ACHILLES' arms dazzle our present view;
 Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new.
 As from the forge of VULCAN first they came
 Thousands of years are past, and they the same. }
 Such care she takes, to pay desert with fame!
 Than which, no monarch, for his crown's defence,
 Knows how to give a nobler recompence,

To a Friend of the Author, a Person of Honor,
 who lately writ a religious Book,
 intitled 'Historical Approbations, and
 'Occasional Meditations upon several
 'Subjects.'

BOLD is the man that dares engage
 For piety, in such an age!
 Who can presume to find a guard
 From scorn, when heav'n's so little spar'd;
 Divines are pardon'd; they defend
 Altars on which their lives depend:
 But the profane impatient are,
 When nobler pens make this their care:
 For why should these let in a beam
 Of divine light, to trouble them;

And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
 That none believes what we are taught?
 High birth, and fortune, warrant give
 That such men write what they believe:
 And, feeling first what they indite,
 New credit give to antient light.

Amongst these few, our author brings
 His well-known pedigree, from Kings
 This book, the image of his mind,
 Will make his name not hard to find:
 I wish the throng of Great, and Good,
 Made it less eas'ly understood!

To a Person of Honour, upon his incom-
 parable, incomprehensible Poem, inti-
 tled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the BRITISH nation more,
 Than all their Bards could ever do before;
 And at your own charge, monuments as hard
 As brass, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.
 For, as all warlike nations take delight
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
 That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
 You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
 More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
 Explain'd their customs, and their rights a-new,
 Better than all their Druids ever knew:
 Unriddl'd those dark oracles, as well
 As those that made them, could themselves foretell.

P

For,

For, as the BRITONS long have hop'd in vain,
 ARTHUR would come to govern them again;
 You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
 And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne;
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
 Make Rival-Princes meet in arms, and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove.

For, as eternity has neither past,
 Nor future, authors say, nor first, nor last,
 But is all instant; your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.

Then, why should you, whose miracles of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
 Trouble in vain your betterbusied head,
 To observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
 For, since you have such arbitrary pow'r,
 It were defect in judgment to go low'r;
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.

For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your wit.
 As light can no way but by light appear:
 He must bring sense, that understands it here.

To Mr. CREECH, on his Translation of
 LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, tho' few could hope to see,
 We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
 Thou! from the antient learned LATIN store,
 Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.

My

May they enjoy thy thoughts! — Let not the Stage
 The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
 Each year that place some wond'rous monster breeds,
 And the Wit's garden is o'er-run with weeds.
 There, Farce is Comedy; bombast call'd strong:
 Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song,
 'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
 For sure the Antients never wrote such plays.
 These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
 Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
 That SPENCER knew, that TASSO felt before;
 And death found surly BEN exceeding poor.
 Heav'n turn the omen from their image here!
 May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
 Great VIRGIL's happier fortune may he find,
 And be our CÆSAR, like AUGUSTUS, kind!

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
 Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread:
 Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care;
 But art above what other Poets fear.
 What may we not expect from such a hand,
 That has, with books, himself at free command?
 Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain;
 And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
 So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
 Thy words so proper, and thy praise so fit;
 We read, and read again: and still admire [fire!
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
 Pardon this rapture; SIR! But who can be
 Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.

But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the fight;
 Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
 But, dying silently, your justice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair MAZARINE had run,
 Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
 Hither at length the ROMAN eagle flies,
 As the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
 As heir to JULIUS, she may pretend
 A second time to make this island bend.
 But PORTSMOUTH, springing from the ancient race
 Of BRITONS, which the SAXONS here did chase;
 As they great CÆSAR did oppose, makes head,
 And does against this new invader lead.
 That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
 Careless, and fearless, to the field does go.
 Becoming blushes on the other wait,
 And her young look excuses want of height.
 Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
 Must not be won the AMAZONIAN way.
 Legions of CUPIDS to the battle come,
 For LITTLE BRITAIN these, and those for ROME,
 Drest'd to advantage this illustrious pair,
 Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
 What may the Fates design'd for never yet
 From distant regions two such Beauties met.
 VENUS had been an equal friend to both,
 And VICT'RY to declare herself seems loth:
 Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
 Till CHLORIS shining in the field she spies.

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 149

The lovely CHLORIS well attended came,
A thousand GRACES waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the ENGLISH glad,
And foreign Beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on IDA's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
Which to determine, LOVE himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in ALSATIA:
And, with that spoil of violence, and rage,
Set-off the splendor of our golden age:
Where LOVE gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON
on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the MUSES! on the herse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse;
Which so preserve the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.

CHLORIS, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just, and high renown;
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
All'y'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.

Then, fairest CHORIS! comfort take,
 For his, your own, and for our sake;
 Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
 Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent we know,
 Must for some cause be valu'd so:
 Things without use, tho' they be good,
 Are not by us so understood.
 The early rose, made to display
 Her blushes to the youthful MAY,
 Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
 And courts her with a gentle air.
 Our stars do shew their excellence,
 Not by their light, but influence:
 When brighter comets, since still known
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
 So, your admired beauty still
 Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of

CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
 And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.
 Mankind was first created an essay;
 That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away.
 How many ages pass'd, what blood, and toil,
 Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle!
 How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
 A perfect princess, e'er her HIGHNESS came?

For

For joys so great we must with patience wait,
 'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
 As a first fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy:
 'The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER, for the
 Drawing of the Posture, and Progress,
 of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under
 the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL:
 Together with the Battle, and Victory,
 obtained over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which between
 The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
 Here place the BRITISH, there the HOLLAND fleet,
 Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
 Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
 After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
 Make heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star
 Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
 Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
 The ENGLISH youth flock to their Admiral,
 The valiant DUKE! whose early deeds abroad,
 Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
 His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,
 His Brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil, hope, and courage spread
 Thro' the whole navy, by that Hero led:
 Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
 With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
 Make the proud sails swell, more than with the wind:

Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
 Check the BATAVIANS, and their fury tame.
 So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
 Stop, when they find a lion in their way,
 Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
 Ask his consent, to use the sea, and wind:
 While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
 He grasps the INDIES in his armed hand.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
 Th' excuse of HOLLAND for their navy's stay:
 Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
 Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run,
 To find the coast where morning first appears,
 By the dark Pole the wary BELGIAN steers;
 Confessing now, he dreads the ENGLISH more,
 Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
 While from our arms, security to find,
 They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
 Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
 And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
 Our first success in war make BACCHUS crown,
 And half the vintage of the year our own.
 The DUTCH their wine, and all their brandy lose,
 Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
 While the glad ENGLISH, to relieve their toil,
 In Healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to AFRIC's coast extend,
 And make the MOORS before the ENGLISH bend:
 Those bar'rous pirates willingly receive
 Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give:
 Deserted by the DUTCH, let nations know,
 We can our own, and their great business do:

False

False friends chasteise, and common foes restrain,
 Which, worse than tempests, did infect the Main.
 Within those Streights, make HOLLAND'S SMYRNA
 With a small Squadron of the ENGLISH meet: [fleet
 Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
 Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
 There paint confusion in a various shape:
 Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
 EUROPE, and AFRICA, from either shore
 Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
 While the divided world in this agree,
 Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
 And place our navy by the HOLLAND shore;
 The world they compass'd, while they fought with
 But here already they resign the Main: [SPAIN;
 Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
 Diffusive nature could no region lay,
 At home, preserv'd from rocks, and tempests, lie;
 Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
 Their single towns th' IBERIAN armies press;
 We all their Provinces at once invest:
 And, in a month, ruin their traffick more,
 Than that long war could, in an age, before.

But, who can always on the billows lie?
 The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.
 Spreading our sails, to HARWICH we resort,
 And meet the Beauties of the BRITISH court.
 Th' illustrious DUCHESS, and her glorious train,
 (Like THETIS, with her Nymphs) adorn the Main.
 The gazing Sea-Gods, since the * PAPHIAN Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
 * VENUS. Charm'd

Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
 Those deathless Pow'rs for us themselves declare:
 Resolv'd the aid of NEPTUNE'S Court to bring;
 And help the nation where such Beauties spring:
 The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
 And takes new valor from the Ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
 The DUTCH (as if the sea were all their own)
 Desert their ports; and falling in their way,
 Our HAMBURG merchants are become their prey.
 Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
 As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
 Enough to serve us 'till we reach our foes.
 Who now appear so numerous, and bold,
 The action worthy of our arms we hold.
 A greater force than that which here we find,
 Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
 Restrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
 Th' impatient ENGLISH scarce attend the light.
 But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
 To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
 And PHOEBUS lifts above the waves his light,
 That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
 Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush:
 With swelling sails, so, from their sev'ral coasts,
 Join the BATAVIAN, and the BRITISH, hosts.
 For a less prize, with less concern, and rage,
 The ROMAN fleets at ACTIUM did engage:
 They, for the empire of the world they knew;
 These, for the old contend, and for the new.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 155

At the first shock, with blood, and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd :
Fury, and art, produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change,
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die ;
There YORK appears ; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the sea !
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd !
The great ACHILLES march'd not to the field,
Till VULCAN that impenetrable shield,
And arms, had wrought : yet there no bullets flew ;
But shafts, and darts, ~~which~~ the weak PHRYGIANS
Our bolder Hero on the deck does stand [threw.
Expos'd the bulwark of his native land :
Defensive arms laid by as usefess here,
Where massy balls the neighb'ring rock do tear.
Some Pow'r unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first OPDAM his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the SWEDES :
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a Prince's hand,
The tall BATAVIAN in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides :
Yet, not inclin'd the ENGLISH ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword ;
From whence a fatal volley was receiv'd,
It miss'd the DUKE, but his great heart it griev'd :

* Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dy'd his Garment with their scatter'd gore,

* EARL of FALMOUTH, Lord MUSKERRY, and Mr. BOYLE.

Happy ! to whom this glorious death arrives ;
More to be valu'd than a thousand lives !
On such a theatre, as this, to die :
For such a cause, and such a witness by !
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid ?
The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood :
So trembled JACOB, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issu'd from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought ;
Before, for honor ; now, revenge, he fought ;
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by FAME) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valor, and their truth :
The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd,---and their lives ;
He storms, and shoots : but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow
They miss, or sweep but common souls away :
For such a loss, OPDAM his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board :
And make the guilty DUTCH, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet the blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When thro' the clouds to trust a swan she goes :
The BELGIAN ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock,
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way.
Neglecting all the business of the day :

Bullets

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 157

Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success:
When heav'n itself, for ENGLAND to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from this charge is lost,
Which * that young prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state,
His flight tow'rd heav'n th' aspiring BELGIAN took:
But fell, like PHAETON, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the BRITISH Admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea. [vent

The DUKE, (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus pre-
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in this valliant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the LIBYAN plain.
The DUTCH, accus'tom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heav'n to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! MARS he resembles, when
JOVE sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.

* Prince of Orange.

Where

Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits ;
 With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.

The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
 Widows, and orphans, making as they go :
 Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
 Flags, arms, and BELGIAN carcases, are born :
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
 Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
 So, the rude BOREAS, where he lifts to blow,
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
 Beating the shore ; and with a boist'rous rage,
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.

The DUTCH, elsewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
 Perform enough to have made others yield ;
 But ENGLISH courage, growing as they fight,
 In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight :
 Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
 Only restrain'd by death, or victory.
 Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
 Like show'rs of hail, from either side are born :
 So high the rage of wretched mortal goes,
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
 Improves the arts, and instruments, of rage :
 Death-hast'ning ills nature enough has sent,
 And yet men still a thousand more invent !

But BACCHUS now, which led the BELGIANS on
 So fierce at first, to favor us begun ;
 Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
 Render them useless, and betray their strength.

So

So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
 Revive, and raise themselves, with mod'rate show'rs:
 But over-charg'd with never-ceasing rain,
 Became too moist, and bend their heads again.
 Their reeling ships on one another fall,
 Without a foe enough to ruin all.
 Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,
 The watchful ENGLISH such advantage find;
 Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
 And up the so entangled BELGIANS blow.
 The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then,
 Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
 The scorch'd BATAVIANS on the billows float;
 Sent from their own, to pass in CHARON's boat.

And now, our Royal Admiral succeeds
 (With the marks of victory) does bless:
 The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
 Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
 Nearer to HOLLAND as their hasty flight
 Carries the noise, and tumult of the fight;
 His cannons roar fore-runner of his fame,
 Makes their HAGUE tremble, and their AMSTERDAM:
 The BRITISH thunder does their houses rock,
 And the DUKE seems at ev'ry door to knock.
 His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
 Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair:
 Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
 And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th'approaching Prince behold,
 As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rs their fold:
 Those piles, which serve them to repel the Main,
 They think too weak his fury to restrain.

What

" What wonders may the ENGLISH valor work,
 " Led by the example of victorious YORK?
 " Or, what defence against him can they make,
 " Who, at such distance, does their country shake?
 " His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
 " And let in both the ocean, and the foe.

Thus cry the people:—and their land to keep,
 Allow our title to command the Deep:

Blaming their STATES ill conduct, to provoke

Those arms, which freed them from the SPANISH
 Painter! excuse me, if I have a-while [yoke.

Forgot thy art, and us'd another style:

For, tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as the fit;

The task in battle does the MUSES fit:

They, in the park confusion of a fight,

Discover all; instruct us how to write;

And light, and honor, to brave actions yield;

Hid in the smoke, and tumult, of the field.

Ages to come shall know that Leader's toll,

And his great name, on whom the MUSES smile:

Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,

And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;

And our *Great Monarch, high above them set:

Like young AUGUSTUS let his image be,

Triumphant for that victory at sea;

Where †EGYPT'S Queen, and EASTERN Kings,

o'erthrown,

Made the possession of the world his own.

Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,

Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:

* K. Charles II.

† Cleopatra.

They

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 161

They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
 Their KING's eternal title to the Main:
 And, with a present to the DUKE, approve
 His valor, conduct, and his country's love.

To the *KING.

GREAT SIR! disdain not in this piece to stand,
 Supreme commander both of sea and land:
 Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,
 Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;
 His club ALCIDES, PHOEBUS has his bow,
 Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.

But your great providence no colors here
 Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
 Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
 The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
 You, for these ends, whole days in council sit;
 And the diversions of youth forget.

Small were the worth of valor, and of force,
 If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
 You as the soul, as the First Mover you,
 Vigor, and life, on ev'ry part bestow;
 How to build ships, and dreadful Ord'nance cast.
 Instruct the artists; and reward their haste.

So, Jove himself, when TYPHON heav'n does
 Descends to visit VULCAN's smoaky cave: [brave,
 Teaching the brawny CYCLOPS how to frame
 His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
 Had the old GREEKS discover'd your abode,
 CRETE had not been the cradle of their God:
 On that small island they had look'd with scorn:
 And in GREAT BRITAIN thought the Thund'rer born.

* K. CHARLES II.

Q

A Pre-

They

A Prefage of the Ruin of the TURKISH
Empire : presented to his Majesty King
JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE JAMES the Second grac'd the BRITISH
throne,

Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none :

Christians to him their present union owe,

And late success, against the common foe :

While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,

Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.

So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,

When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our Island sent ;

As now he gives it to the Continent.

A Prince more fit, for such a glorious task,

Than ENGLAND's King, from heav'n we cannot ask :

He, great, and good !) proportion'd to the work,

Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the TURK,

Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,

Shine with aspect propitious to mankind ;

Favor the innocent, repress the bold :

And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valor young ;

At sea successful, vigorous, and strong ;

His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,

Esteem, and rev'rence, thro' the world do find.

A Prince, with such advantages as these,

Where he persuades not, may command a peace.

BRITAIN declaring for the juster side,

The most ambitious will forget their pride :

The

They that complain will their endeavours cease,
 Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace ;
 Join to the TURK's destruction ; and then bring
 All their pretences to so just a King.

If the successful troublers of mankind,
 With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find ;
 Shall the vex'd world less honor yield to those
 That stop their progress, and their rage oppose ?
 Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
 Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The BRITISH MONARCH shall the glory have,
 That famous GREECE remains no longer slave :
 That source of art, and cultivated thought ! [brought.
 Which they, to ROME ; and ROMANS, hither

The banish'd MUSES shall no longer mourn ;
 But may with LIBERTY to GREECE return :
 Tho' slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
 They lost their genius, and poetic rage ;
 HOMERS again, and PINDARS, may be found ;
 And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The TURK's vast empire does united stand :
 Christians, divided under the command
 Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
 Did not this Hero make their int'rest one :
 Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
 Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
 Be spread, and flourish where it first begun :
 And this great day, (so justly honor'd here !)
 Known to the east, and celebrated there.

Hec ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum !

"Æsus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem."

VIRGIL.

To

To the DUCHESS, when he presented this
Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage.
And with the Beauties, of a former age :
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view,
This, as we take in gazing upon you,
Thus we writ then : your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
To our productions we become severe :
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing ;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last :
And make you through as many ages shine,
As TASSO has the Heroes of your line.

Tho' other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the BRITISH Muse :
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So, the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of
her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace ;
But in no one durst all perfection place :
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
CLORINDA's spirit, and her lofty meen ;
SOPHRONIA's piety, ERMINIA's truth,
ARMIDA's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind ; and ev'ry grace express,
More to our wonder, than RINALDO fought :
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

O F
DIVINE LOVE.

A
P O E M
IN SIX CANTOES.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos SCRIPTURÆ depascimur aurea dictâ;
*Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ! * **
Nam DIVINUS AMOR cum cœpit vociferari,
*Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * LUCRETIVS, Lib. 3.*

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
*Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * **
Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

OVID. de Trist. Lib. 4. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. **A**SSERTING the authority of the Scripture,
in which this Love is reveal'd.

II. The preference and Love of GOD to man in the
Creation.

III. The same Love more amply declar'd in our Redemp-
tion.

IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how
excellent in itself.

V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love
were universally embrac'd.

VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful
the contemplation thereof is.



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C A N T O I.

THE GRECIAN Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
Nor JOVE at us, nor PHOEBUS is arriv'd:

Frail Deities ! which first the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they still divert us with their rage ;
What may be hop'd for in a better age ;
When, not from HELICON's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing ?
This with the fabric of the world begun ;
Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.
Before this oracle, like DAGON, all

The false pretenders, DELPHOS, AMMON, fall:
Long since despis'd, and silent, they afford
Honor, and triumph, to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rowling earth among the planets plac'd :
So has his book intitled us to heav'n ;
And rules, to guide us to that mansion, giv'n :
Tells the conditions how our peace was made ;
And is our pledge for the Great AUTHOR's aid.
His pow'r in nature's ample book we find ;
But the less volume does exprefs his mind.

This light unknown, bold EPICURUS taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought :
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
As Fortunes does or human wisdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke :
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God, but interest ?

What endless war would jealous nations tear,
 If none above did witness what they swear?
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
 Among themselves to find so little trust!
 Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
 Without a God, our falsehood, and our shame.
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
 Is the first step tow'ards being good, or wise:
 For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
 Our will determines, not our intellect:
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.
 His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need;
 And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed.
 For, tho' heav'n shews the glory of the LORD.
 Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
 His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
 His tender kindness, and compassion, tells:
 While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
 Into the bowels of our MAKER look.
 Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend:
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
 Which first from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
 Savors too much of private interest.
 This mov'd not MOSES, nor the zealous PAUL;
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
 A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends,
 To save, and make his enemies his friends,

What

What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above ?
The * Royal prophet, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought ;
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote :
Heav'n was scarce heard of, until HE came down
To make the region, where love triumphs, known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade,
For, love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos : and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place ;
Some, to rest here ; and some, to shine above :
Earth, Sea, and heav'n, were all the effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But, there was none
That to themselves, or others, yet were known :
The world a palace was, without a guest,
'Till one appears, that must excel the rest :
One ! like the AUTHOR, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the MAKER find :
Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name ;
With art, and courage, the rough ocean tame ;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know :
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When, by his WORD, GOD had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call :
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure, and majestic look :

* DAVID.

With

With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest.
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name
 For such a gift ; and tell from whence it came.
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note ;
 But not with lasting Numbers, and with thought ;
 Man's great prerogative ! But above all
 His grace abounds, in his new fav'rite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes ;
 If he be angry, the creation shakes :
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled ;
 He curst the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
 Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the VIRGIN's seed :
 Tho' justice death, as satisfaction, craves.
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

C A N T O III.

NOT willing terror should his image move ;
 He gives a pattern of eternal love ;
 His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
 Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
 Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
 To make us humble, and to make us great :
 His bus'ness here was happiness to give
 To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
 (For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd :
 While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.
 Immortal love ! which in his bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such great love constrain'd

To

To make return of love , upon this Pole
 Our duty does, and our religion, rowl.
 To love is to believe, to hope, to know:
 'Tis an essay, a taste of heav'n below !

He to proud potentates would not be known ;
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt ;
 But smoke will vanish, when that flame breaks out ;
 This is the fire that would consume our dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
 We should agree, as Angels do above ;
 Where love presides : not vice alone does find
 No entrance there, but virtues stay behind :
 Both faith, and hope, and all the mainer train
 Of moral virtues, at the door remain.

Love only enters, as a native there ;
 For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here,

He that alone would wise, and mighty, be,
 Commands that others love, as well as he.
 Love as he lov'd !—How can we soar so high ?
 He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
 Nor should we be with this command dismay'd ;
 He that examples gives, will give his aid :
 For, he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
 His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought ;
 As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
 Will for the deed, he takes ; we may with ease
 Obedient be, for if we love, we please.
 Weak tho' we are, to love, is no hard task ;
 And love for love, is all that heav'n does ask.

Love !

Love! that would all men just, and temp'rate, make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns, and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in heav'n's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best:
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For, greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours, round about him, feeds.

His pride, and vain ambition, are so vast.
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches, and excess (tho' with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts, and monsters, HERCULES oppress,
Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign:
But soon would vanish, if the world were blest'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:

But,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 173

But love appearing, all those terrors fly ;
 We live contented, and contented die.
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
 Death, as a passage to their joy embrace.
 Clouds, and thick vapors, which obscure the day;
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away ;
 Those which our life corrupt, and darken, love
 (The noblest star !) must from the soul remove.
 Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year ;
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere :
 Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light ;
 Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

C A N T O V.

THIS iron age, (so fraudulent, and bold !)
 Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold :
 Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop :
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap ;
 None for himself would either sow, or reap :
 Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield
 A nobler harvest, than the richest field.
 Famine, and death, confin'd to certain parts,
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now ;
 But then we should the use of Plenty know.
 Love would betwixt the rich, and needy, stand ;
 And spread heav'n's bounty with an equal hand :
 At once the givers, and receivers, bless ;
 Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
 Who for himself no miracle would make,
 Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake :

He

He that, long-fasting, would no wonder show,
 Made loaves and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
 Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,
 Here he us'd none, but to express his love :
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,
 Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be usefess, which rude nature awe ;
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law :
 Tigers, and lions, into dens we thrust ;
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
 Devils are chain'd, and tremble ; but the Spouse
 No force, but love, nor bond, but bounty, knows.
 Men, (whom we now so fierce, and dang'rous see)
 Would guardian Angels to each other be :
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform ;
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform !
 Love, what ISAIAH prophesy'd, can do,
 Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low ;
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
 Smooth, and make straight, our rough and crooked
 Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all ; [ways.
 With that posselt, the great in title fall :
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
 Whom heav'n with that high character has blest.
 This love, the center of our union, can
 Alone bestow complete repose on man :
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
 And foreign strife among the nations cease.
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
 Nor Princes arm, tho' to subdue the east ;
 Where for the Tomb, so many Heroes (taught
 By those that guided their devotion) fought.

Thrice-

Thrice-happy we, could we like ardor have
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave !
 Love as he lov'd ! A love so unconfin'd,
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
 Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
 We should behold as many selfs, as men :
 All of one family, in blood ally'd,
 His pretious blood, that for our ransom dy'd !

C A N T O VI.

THO' the creation (so divinely taught !
 Prints such a lively image on our thought,
 That the first spark of new-created light,
 From chaos strook, affects our present sight :
 Yet, the first Christians did esteem more blest,
 The day of rising, than the day of rest ;
 That ev'ry week might new occasion give.
 To make his triumph in their mem'ry live,
 Then, let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
 To keep his blood, among us, ever warm :
 And singing as the Blest do above,
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
 But, on so vast a subject ; who can find
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind ?
 Our language fails : or, if it could supply,
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high ?
 Despairing here, we might abandon art,
 And only hope to have it in our heart.
 But, tho' we find this sacred task too hard,
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward.
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,
 And make a truce with all the ills we know.

As

AS SAUL's afflicted spirit, from the sound
 Of DAVID's harp, a present solace found :
 So, on his theme while we our Muse engage,
 No wounds are felt, of fortune, or of age.
 On divine love to meditate is peace,
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
 A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind ;
 The soul contending to that light to flee
 From her dark cell, we practice how to die :
 Employing thus the poet's winged art,
 To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
 Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
 Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there :
 Pale the would look, as stars that must be gone,
 When from the east the rising sun comes on.

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD:

IN TWO CANTOES.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace ;
 And makes all ills that vex us here to cease :
 Tho' the word, Fear, some men may ill indure,
 'Tis such a fear, as only makes secure.

Ask

Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate ;
 Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
 He that invites will not th' invited mock ;
 Op'ning to all, that do in earnest knock.
 Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear ;
 All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
 This fear, that drives all other fears away,
 Shall be my song ; the morning of our day !
 Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd ;
 It brings from heav'n an Angel for a guard :
 Tranquillity, and peace, this fear does give ;
 Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
 It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
 Of light ; by which he made, and governs, all.
 'Tis God alone should not offended be ;
 But we please others, as more great than he.
 For a good cause, the sufferings of man
 May well be born : 'tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
 He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
 That thirst, and hunger, to perform his will.
 Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vext ;
 And sadly live, in terror of the next.
 The * world's great conqu'ror would his point pursue ;
 And wept because he could not find a new :
 Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd ;
 To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
 Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
 To heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.

* ALEXANDER.

Ask

R

Tho

Tho' richly fed, man's care does still exceed :
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth, and honor, by such men possess'd,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in ;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange, men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy, but in pursuing more ;
No ! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim :
This is the mark, and glory, of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.
Men take no pleasure, but in new designs :
And what they hope for, what they have, out-shines.
Our sheep, and oxen, seem no more to crave ;
With full content feeding on what they have :
Vex not themselves for an increase of store ;
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from heav'n,
They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely ;
More than vain men upon the Deity :
More beasts than they ! that will not understand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has Being, moves, and lives,
What can he have, or use, but what he gives ?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred Word.

C A N T O II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood :
 Heav'n, those that love their foes, and do them
 It is terrestrial honor, to be crown'd [good.
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find :
 But, he that does a noble nature show,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow.
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an Angel lives.
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell ;
 Lov'd, and admir'd, by those he does excell.
 Fools anger shew, which politicians hide :
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble-man, when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
 Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities tost
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets and the glorious sun,
 Still keep that order which they first begun :
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their CREATOR, as a law, did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey :
 But wretched men have found another way ;

Knowledge of good, and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury, and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show:
So, from our MAKER wandering, we stray;
Like birds, that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best;
Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or, that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF
DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOES.

Occasioned upon sight of the LIId Chapter
of Isaiah, turned into Verse by Mrs.
WHARTON.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, ISAIAH did declare ;
Which she describes, as if she had been there ;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed a-new.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold :
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old !
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines !) when wanton SAPPHO's live ?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire :
Not love which brutes, as well as men, may know ;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought :

The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
 When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
 In boundless verse the fancy soars too high,
 For any object, but the Deity.

What mortal can with heav'n pretend to share
 In the superlatives of wise, and fair ?

A meaner subject when with these we grace,
 A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
 Like that sweet oil, above all private use ;

On pain of death forbidden to be made,
 But when it should be on the altar laid.

Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
 When, drop'd from heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
 Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.

For, as that Angel up to heav'n did rise,

Born on the flame of MANOAH'S sacrifice :

So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky ;

Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly ;

'The whole creation, (by our fall made groan !)

His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.

For, that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice ;

And we with songs supply their want of voice.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,

In songs of praise their present union show :

Their joys are full ; our expectation long ;

In life we differ, but we join in song.

Angels, and we, assisted by this art,

May sing together, tho' we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems must
 No higher rise, than winds may lift the dust.

From

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 183

From that they spring ; this, from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

* **H**E that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the ALMIGHTY face to face ;
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told :
The writer feels no dire effect of age ;
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night :
Chaos he saw ; and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell :
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the CREATOR, and his Rest :
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For, new-made earth, so even, and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air :
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old :
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heav'n. But we, of shorter date !
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear :

* MOSES.

R 4

Enough

Enough to humble, and to make us great,
 If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
 Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
 In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting *ILIADS* have not liv'd so long,
 As his, and *DEBORAH*'s, triumphant song.
DELPHOS unknown, no Muse could then inspire,
 But that which governs the cœlestial choir.
 Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
 And from their store succeeding Poets steal:
HOMER's *SCAMANDER* for the *TROJANS* fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old *KISHON* taught:
 His river scarce could fierce *ACHILLES* stay;
 Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.
 The host of heaven, his *PHOEBUS*, and his *MARS*,
 He arms; instructed by her fighting stars,
 She led them all against the common foe:
 But he, (mis-led by what he saw below!)
 The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
 And breaks their union into diff'rent sides.
 The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
 May be but copies of that Heroine.
HOMER himself, and *AGAMEMNON*, she
 The writer could, and the commander, be.
 Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain,
 Than all the tales the boldest *GREEKS* could feign:
 For, what she sung, that *SPIRIT* did indite,
 Which gave her courage, and success, in fight.
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
 From heav'n her Poem, and her conquest came.

But

But, had like a virtue shin'd in that fair GREEK,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,

Tho' of the JEWS she merit most esteem ;
Yet here the christian has the greater theme :
Her martial song describes how SISERE fell ;
This sings our triumph over death, and hell.

The rising-light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest VIRGIN, and ELIZABETH.

In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth :

Here, how he treated was upon earth,
Trembling we read ! th' affliction and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was born !

Conception, birth, and suffering all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one cœlestial song :

And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this consort, sung the tragic part.

As HANNAH's seed was vow'd to sacred use ;
So, here this Lady consecrates her Muse,
With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born !

On the Paraphrase on the LORD's Prayer,
written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds ! listen ethereal lights !
While our URANIA sings what heav'n indites :
The Numbers are the Nymph's : but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.

Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed, to approach his throne :

And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen ?

In the Evangelists we find the prose :
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows ;

A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
 t may become the highest Seraphim!
 For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
 Sing only what the SPIRIT does inspire.
 Taught by our LORD, and theirs, with us they may
 For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the several
 Petitions in the same Prayer.

I. **H**IS sacred name, with reverence profound,
 Should mention'd be, and trembling at the
 found!

It was JEHOVAH; 'tis OUR FATHER now;
 So low to us does heav'n vouchsafe to bow! *
 He brought it down, that taught us how to pray:
 And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. "His kingdom come." For this we pray in
 Unless he does in our affections reign: [vain,
 Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring:
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light;
 His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. "His will be done." In fact 'tis always done;
 But, as in heav'n, it must be made our own:
 His will should all our inclinations sway,
 Whom nature, and the universe, obey.
 Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
 To what has been eternally design'd:
 Referring all to his paternal care,
 To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

* Psalm xviii. 9.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 187

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup :
Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. " That he should all our trespasses forgive,"
While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as the Sacrament, prepare
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love :
Not to forgive our enemies alone ;
But, use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. " Guard us from all temptations of the foe :"
And those we may in several stations know :
The rich, and poor, in slipp'ry places stand :
Give us enough ! but, with a sparing hand !
Not ill-perswading want ; nor wanton wealth ;
But, what proportion'd is to life, and health.
For, not the dead, but living, sing thy praise ;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

*Favete linguis ! * * * **

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORAT.

On

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :

The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,

The body stooping, does herself erect :

No mortal parts are requisite to raise

Her, that unbony'd can her MAKER praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er.

So, calm are we, when passions are no more!

For, then we know how vain it was to boast

Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes

Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,

As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view.

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * * *Miratur limen olympi.*

VIRG.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
AND
FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH HELEN was! and who can blame the *boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his TROY?

* PARIS.

Or

Or hope for pity ; but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless MIRA, she reveals her own :
And, she would another another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou would'st needs (bewich'd with some ill
Be buri'd in those monumental arms : [charms!])
All we can wish, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs ! and so, good night !

AN EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY with
ill Teeth.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That LYCE painted ; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill set ;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair LYCE must not show,
If she would bite : her lovers, though
Like birds they stop at seeming grapes,
Are dis-abus'd, when first she gapes :
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

O UR guard upon the royal side!
 On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
 Here we discern the frown, and smile;
 The force, and glory, of our Isle.
 In the rich Medal, both so like
 Immortals stand, it seems antique;
 Carv'd by some master, when the bold
 GREEKS made their Jove descend in gold;
 And DANAE wond'ring at that show'r,
 Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tow'r.
 BRITANIA there, the Fort in vain
 Had batter'd been with golden rain:
 Thunder itself had fail'd to pass;
 Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

Written on a Card that her * MAJESTY
 tore at OMBRE.

T HE cards you tear in value rise;
 So do the wounded by your eyes.
 Who to cœlestial things aspire,
 Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANDS-
 DOWN) on his Verses to K. JAMES II.

A N early plant! which such a blossom bears,
 And shews a genius so beyond his years;
 A judgment that! could make so fair a choice;
 So high a subject, to employ his voice:
 Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing.
 The growing greatness of our matchless King!

* Q. CATHARINE.

Long

Long and short Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round :
So, life we praise, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

Translated out of SPANISH.

THO' we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore :
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with presumption vex you more.

Translated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it so ;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do !
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found :
So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie ;
Misd by some few that lov'd our company.
But, some so like to thorns, and nettles, live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, design'd
for a Friend on his Translation of
OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old ROMANS you were wont to feast,
NUMA's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plow : .

The

Such pow'r has justice, faith and honesty !
 The world was conquer'd by morality.
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave :
 But, where religion does with virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angle shine.---

* * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the
 First, at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the First CHARLES does here in triumph
 ride ;

See his Son reign, where he a martyr dy'd ;
 And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted !) to the sacred brass ;
 Is not th'effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe the statue, and the stone.
 But, heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain ;
 And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving FAME.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave * MACEDONIAN Youth alone ;
 But base CALIGULA, when on the throne,
 Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a God ;
 As if the world depended on his nod.

* ALEXANDER.

The

The * SYRIAN King to beasts was headlong thrown,
E'er to himself he could be mortal known.

The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line
Would never stop, 'till he were thought divine.

All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.

Let the proud Peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed :

Let winds, and seas, together rage, and swell :

This, nature teaches ; and becomes them well.

† *Pride was not made for men* : a conscious sense

Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,

Destroys the claim : and to beholders tells,

Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

EPITAPH on Sir GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,

Unblemish'd probity, and truth :

Just unto all relations known,

A worthy patriot, pious son :

Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,

To give their sense in parliament ;

With lives, and fortunes, trusting one,

Who so discreetly us'd his own.

Sober he was, wise, temperate ;

Contented with an old estate,

Which no foul avarice did increase,

Nor wanton luxury make less.

While yet but young, his father dy'd,

And left him to an happy guide :

* NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

† Ecclef. x. 18.

S

Not

Not LEMUEL's mother with more care
 Did counsel, or instruct, her heir ;
 Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she ; while yet alive,
 All that was hers to him did give :
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so :
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bread and taught,
 So (early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honor lead)
 His short life did a patern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends should live.
 The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise, and strife,
 Of battles won : in those we find
 The solid int'rest of mankind.
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' round, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES
 CAVENDISH.

HERE lies CHARLES CAVENDISH: let the marble
 stone,
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
 Beauty, and valor, did his short life grace ;
 The grief, and glory, of his noble race !
 Early abroad he did the world survey.
 As if he knew he had not long to stay :

Saw what great ALEXANDER in the east,
 And mighty JULIUS conquer'd in the west.
 Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home occasion for his fame :
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide ;
 And where the justor, was the weaker, side.
 Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art
 The * elder did whole Regiments afford ;
 The younger brought his conduct, and his sword.
 Born to command, a Leader he begun,
 And on the rebels lasting honor won :
 The Horse, instructed by their Gen'ral's worth,
 Still make the King victorious in the north :
 Where CA'NDISH fought, the Royalists prevail'd ;
 Neither his courage, nor his judgment, fail'd :
 The current of his vict'ries found no stop,
 Till CROMWELL came, his party's chiefeft prop.
 Equal success had set these champions high,
 And both resolv'd to conquer, or to die :
 Virtue with rage, fury with valor, strove ;
 But, that must fall which is decreed above !
 CROMWELL, what odds of number, and of Fate
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church, and State :
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely and the brave ;
 Strew bays, and flowers, on his honour'd grave !

* WILLIAM Earl of Devonshire.

EPITAPH ON the Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned SAVIL's heir ;
So early wise, and lasting fair !
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot :
And she so well improv'd that stock,
Both of his knowledge, and his flock ;
That, Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other smil'd
While she, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Way so propiteously inclin'd,
And gave much title to her store,
That none but the ignorant, were poor.
The MUSES daily found supplies,
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm, their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nations ornament, and praise !
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port and refuge, of th' oppress'd.
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good.
So that (her person, and her state,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
'To credit this rude age ! and show

To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see :
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

EPITAPH to be written under the LATIN
Inscription upon the Tomb of the only
Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the ENGLISH reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold

'Tis not a noble corps alone does lie
Under this stone but a whole family :
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy :
This lovely youth : for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

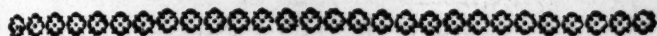
Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit and breeding, to have show'd,
We had not found in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul :
His early virtues to that antient stock
Gave as much honor as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing e'er the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste ;
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience, and time ;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd :
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, unfinish'd.

GREAT soul! for whom death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspired verse may on this marbel live,
But can no honor to thy ashes give.—

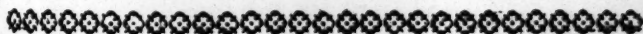
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MAID'S TRAGEDY.

A L T E R'D.



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MAID'S TRAGEDY



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PROLOGUE.

SCARCE should we have the boldness to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend:
Had not already some deserv'd your praise
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This, and PHILASTER, have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both, our ENGLISH genius is express'd;
Lofty, and bold; but negligently dress'd.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are:
But, faultless writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
But, as the present, so the last age writ;
In both we find like negligence, and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish; and a nobler rage
Would honor this, than did the GRECIAN, Stage.

Thus says our Author; not content to see
That others write as carelessly as he:
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to please you, he'd have the Poets sweat.

In this old play, what's new we have express'd
In rhiming verse, distinguish'd from the rest:
That, as the RHONE its hasty way does make,
(Not mingling waters) thro' GENEVA's lake:
So, having here the different styles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.

If

PROLOGUE.

*If we less rudely shall the knot unty,
Soften the rigor of the Tragedy,
And yet preserve each person's character;
Then, to the other, this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes, and the Pit,
Are sov'reign judges of this sort of wit.
In other things the knowing artists may
Judge better than the people: but, a Play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.*

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THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, with a Page of Honor.

EVADNE.

A MINTOR lost, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by threats, to take that bloody oath,
And the act ill I am absolv'd by oath,
This island left, with pity I'll look down
On the King's love, and fierce MELANTIUS, frown.
These will to both my resolution bring:
Page! give MELANTIUS that; this, to the King:

[Exit Page with the Letters.]

Under how hard a fate are women born!
Priz'd to their ruin or expos'd to scorn!
If we want beauty we of love despair:
And are besieg'd, like frontier-towns, if fair.
The pow'r of Princes armies overthrows:
What can our sex against such force oppose?
Love, and ambition, have an equal share
In their vast treasures; and it costs as dear

To

To ruin us, as nations to subdue :
 But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
 For, towns are starv'd, or batter'd e'er they yield;
 But we (persuaded, rather than compell'd)
 For things superfluous neglect our fame,
 And weekly render up ourselves to shame.
 Oh! that I had my innocence again,
 My untouch'd honour! but I wish in vain :
 The fleece, that has been by the dyer stain'd,
 Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
 Th' unblemish'd may pretend to virtue's crown :
 'Tis beauty now must perfect my renown.
 With that I govern'd him that rules this isle ;
 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the spoil ;
 The wealth I bear from this exhausted Court ;
 Which here my bark stands ready to transport.
 In narrow RHODES I'll be no longer pent ;
 But act my part upon the continent :
 ASIATIC Kings shall see my beauty's prize,
 My shining jewels, and my brighter eyes.
 Princes that fly, (their scepters left behind)
 Contempt, pity, where they travel, find :
 The ensigns of our pow'r about we bear ;
 And ev'ry land pays tribute to the Fair.
 So shines the sun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
 When his beams warm the Antipodes, as here. (*Exit.*)

Enter MELANTIUS, with a Letter in his hand.

She's gone !---to perish, if the Gods be just :
 The sea's not vast enough to quence her lust.
 The standing Regiments, the Fort, the town,
 All, but this wicked sister, is our own.

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PAGE.

Her pen

Oh! that I could but have surpriz'd the wretch,
 E'er she that wat'ry element did reach:
 Twice false EVADNE! spitefully forsworn!
 That fatal breast, like this, I would have torn.

[Tears the paper with fury.]

But this design admits of no delay;
 And our revenge must find some speedy way.
 I'll sound LUCIPPUS; he has always paid
 Respect to my deserts; could he be made
 To join with us, we might preserve the state;
 And take revenge, with our country's fate.
 He loves his brother: but, a present crown
 Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the throne.
 He's full of honor: tho' he like it not,
 If once he swear, he'll not reveal the plot. *Exit.*

Enter the KING alone.

MELANTIUS false! it cannot be: and yet.
 When I remember how I merit it,
 He is presented to my guilty mind
 Less to his duty, than revenge, inclin'd.
 'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,
 Or think they can have black malicious ends:
 'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,
 Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.
 Happy the innocent! whose equal thoughts
 Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

PAGE. 'Tis from EVADNE, Sir. *[Exit.]*

KING. Why should she use

Her pen to me? 'tis some important news!

[Reads the Letter.]

From

From on board my yacht,

[Strangely dated.]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage
of my offended brothers: I wish you were as safe
from their revenge. They aim at your life, and made me
swear to take it. They have got the fort, and are assured
of the inclinations both of the soldiers, and citizens, my
first prayer is to the Gods, for your preservation: my
next to your Majesty, that if they return to their duty,
you would afford them your grace.

'Tis no feign'd tale CALLIANAX has told:
The MELANTIUS is as false as bold.
The crown we hazard, when at home we stay;
And teach our forces others to obey.
Conduct in armies is a Prince's art;
And when a subject acts that royal part,
As he in glory rises, we grow less:
While our arms prosper, ruin'd by success;
For, in a Court, what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our selves to see;

Enter MELANTIUS and LUCIPPUS.

Such is the General!—To LUCIPPUS' ear
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

LUC. How am I caught with an unwary oath,
Not to reveal the secret, which I loath!
To stain my conscience with my brother's blood,
To be a King!—no! not to be a God.
He that with patience can such treason hear,
Though he consent not, as a guilty ear.
Unto thyself pronounce the name of KING;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

MEL.

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 207

MEL. Sir! your fond care, and kindness, comes too
To save your brother, or prevent my hate: [late,
The people mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the soldiers to my will incline.
Of his own servants he has lost the heart:
And in the Court I have the nobler part
Unto yourself pronounce the name of KING;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd--Do not storm, and frown,
At my endeavours, to preserve the crown.
Wear it yourself; occasion will not stay;
'Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
Tumult, and ruin, will o'erwhelm the state;
And you'll be guilty of your country's fate.

LUC. [*Afide.*] Some form'd design against the King
Let's try how far our reason may persuade,
To him.] The crown you value so, my brother bears
Upon his head, and with it all the cares:
While I enjoy th' advantage of his state:
And all the crown can give, except the weight,
Long may he reign! that is so far above
All vice, all passion, but excess of love.
And can th' effects of love appear so strange,
That into beasts our greatest Gods could change?

MEL. The deathless Gods, when they commit a
Disguis'd a while, again resume their shape: [rape,
But Princes once turn'd into beasts, remain
For ever so:---and should, like beasts, be slain.

LUC. Tho' more in years, you have a mistress still;
And for that fault would you your sov'reign kill?

Love is the frailty of heroic minds;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds:

Brutes

Brutes may be chaster, pidgeons, swans, and doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their loves,
Justice, and bounty, in a Prince are things
That subjects make as happy as their kings.
Will you contract the guilt of royal blood;
And rob your country of her chiefest good?

MEL. Of one! whose lust his family had stain'd,
By whose good conduct he securely reign'd.

LUC. Of one! whose choice first made your valor
known;

And with whose armies you have got renown;
'Tis all the gratitude subjects can shew,
To bear with patience what their Princes do.

MEL. Yet BRUTUS did not let proud TARQUIN

LUC. The Prince his son was guilty of a rape. [*escape*.
For joys extorted with a violent hand,
Revenge is just, and may with honor stand:
But, should a Prince, because he does comply
With one that's fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or, is it fit the people should be taught
Your sister's frailty, with my brothers fault?

MEL. Let her be known unchaste; so it be said,
That he durst perswade her to't is dead.

LUC. The King has wrong'd you: it is just that
Mischief to me, and the whole nation, do; [*you*

MEL. Rather than not accomplish my revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the world unhinge.

LUC. Yet, of all virtues, justice is the best:
Valor, without it, is a common pest.

Pirates, and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.

'Tis our complexion makes us chaste, or brave:
Justice from reason, and from heav'n, we have.

All other virtues dwell but in the blood ;
 That, in the soul ; and gives the name of good.
 Justice, the Queen of virtues, you despise ;
 And only rude and savage valor prize.
 To your revenge you think the King, and all
 That sacred is, a sacrifice should fall :
 The town be ruin'd, and this isle laid waste,
 Only because your sister is not chaste.

Can you expect, that she should be so sage
 To rule her blood; and you not rule your rage.
 Both foul distempers are ; but yours the worse,
 Less pleasures has ; and brings the greater curse.

MEL. In idle RHODES philosophers are bred :
 And you, young Prince ! are in their morals read.
 Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong.
 For patient duty to employ his tongue.
 Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast
 All reason does, and sense of duty, wrest.
 The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,
 Only because we cannot reach their throne.

Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
 Think they may safely with our honor play ?
 Reward a soldier's merit with a stain
 To his whole race, and yet securely reign ?—
 Farewel ! I know so brave a Prince will scorn
 To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

LUC. [*Aside.*] I promis'd secrecy, but did not say
 would look tamely on.—MELANTIUS, slay !

You have my promise ; and my hasty word
 restrains my tongue ;—but, ties not up my sword.
 If other virtues tho' you are bereft

your wild rage, I know your valor's left.

T

Swear

Swear not to touch my brother, or with speed
Behind the castle-wall let's meet. MEL. Agreed!

[Exit LUCIPPUS.]

MEL. His well-known virtue, and his constant love
To his bad brother, may the people move:
I'll take th' occasion which he gives, to bring
Him to his death, and then destroy the King.

[Exit MELANTIUS.]

Enter the KING, as discovering himself.

KING. O! what an happiness it is to find
A friend of our own blood; a brother kind!
A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the crown I wear.
The kingdom, offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For such a brother to th' immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the crown of RHODES
Happy this isle, with such a Hero blest!
What virtue dwells not in his loyal breast?

Enter STRATO.

STRA. Sir, we are lost! MELANTIUS has the Fort:
And the town rises to assault the Court:
Where they will find the strongest part their own:
If you'll preserve yourself, you must be gone.
I have a garden opens to the sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near friend.

KING. There with your shallop stay:
The game's not lost; I have one card to play.
Suffer not DIPHILUS to leave the Court,
But bid him presently to me resort. [Exit STRATO]
Had not this challenge stopp'd th' impendent fate,
We must have perish'd with the ruin'd state.

For

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 211

Forts, soldiers, citizens, of all bereft,
 There's nothing, but our private valor, left.
 If he survive, I have not long to reign ;
 But he that's injur'd, should be fairly slain.
 The people for their darling would repine,
 If he should fall by any hand but mine.
 Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
 To fight a duel, when his work was done.
 Should I command my guards to find him, where
 He meets my brother, and destroy him there,
 All hope of peace would be for ever lost :
 And the wild rabble would adore his ghost.
 Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm ;
 And the whole island, to revenge him, arm.
 So popular, so mighty, have I made
 This fighting man, while I liv'd in the shade !
 But, 'twas a double fault, to raise him so.
 And then dishonor on his house to throw.
 Ill-govern'd passions in a Prince's breast.
 Hazard his private, and the public, rest.
 Slaves to our passions we become, and then
 It grows impossible to govern men.
 But, errors, not to be recall'd, do find
 Their best redress from presence of the mind.
 Courage our greatest failings does supply,
 And makes all good ; or handsomely we die.
 Life is a thing of common use, by heav'n
 As well to insects, as to Princes, giv'n :
 But, for the crown ! 'tis a more sacred thing :
 I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Come DIPHILUS, we must together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk, [an hour

DIPH. [*Aside.*] What fate is this! had he stay'd half
The rising town had freed me from his pow'r.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes into a field: into which enter LUCIPPUS and MELANTIUS, with swords drawn.*

MEL. Be yet advis'd! th' injurious King forsake!
Death, or a sceptre, from MELANTIUS take.

MEL. Youth, and vain confidence, thy life betray;
Thro' armies this has made MELANTIUS way;

LUC. Be thou advis'd! thy black design forsake;
Death, or this counsel, from LUCIPPUS take.

LUC. Drawn for your Prince, that sword could won'
The better cause make mine the sharper now. [*Others do;*
Thy brutal anger does the God defy;

Kings are their care. Resume thy loyalty;
Or, from thy guilty head I'll pluck the bays;
And all thy triumphs shall become my praise.

MEL. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the KING with DIPHILUS.

KING. With sword in hand,

Like a good brother, by your brother stand.

DIPH. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

KING. Thy life, MELANTIUS! I am come to take
Of which foul treason does a forfeit make.
'To do thee honor, I will shed that blood,
Which the just laws, if I were faultless, shou'd.

MEL. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir! but, their guard
Kings have but small advantage of the law. [away

KING

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 213

KING. Having infring'd the law, I wave my right
As King, and thus submit myself to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why?
A subject should be heard before he's slain;
And does less right belong to us that reign?

MEL. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had revenge to have:
A way so noble! that I must confess
Already I begin to hate you less.
So unexpected, and so brave a thing.
Makes me remember that you are my King.
And I could rather be contented, since
He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince:
That so, a brother for a sister chang'd,
We may be of your wanton pride reveng'd.

KING. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my life have
No duel ever was more justly fought: [fought;
We both have reason for our fatal wrath;
Nor is it fit the world should hold us both.

LUCIPIUS to the KING a-part.

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves, to save the head,
This way he shall be satisfied, or dead.

MELANTIUS to his brother a-part.

Tho' foul injustice majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with courage act, something divine,
That calls for rev'rence, does about them shine.

DIPH. Were we born Princes, we could not expect,
For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.

They that with sharpest injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thousand pities, such a royal pair
Should run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

MEL. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' extreme
Either of fearing, or of killing, them.

LUCIPPUS *a-part to his Brother.*

Sir! you should wield a sceptre, not a sword;
Not with your weapon kill, but with your word:
The Gods by others execute their will.

KING. Yet heav'n does oft with its own thunder kill:
And when necessity, and right, command,
A sword is thunder in a sov'reign's hand.
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow less severe.

Here they all fight.

LUCIPPUS *to the King.*

Hold Sir! they only guard, and still give place.
To them.] Fight us as enemies, or ask for grace,

MEL. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our family.
The royal sword, thus drawn, has cur'd a wound,
For which no other salve could have been found.
Your brothers now in arms ourselves we boast;
A satisfaction for a sister lost.

The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the vulgar slain.
You have our pardon, Sir! and humbly now,
As subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here they both kneel.

Pardon our guilty rage! which here takes end,
For a lost sister, and a ruin'd friend.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 215

LUC. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough to see MELANTIUS kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both: they shall be true
As heretofore; and you shall trust them too.
His loyal arm shall still support the state;
And you no more provoke so just a hate.

KING. Rise, brave MELANTIUS! I thy pardon sign,
With as much joy, as I am proud of mine.
Rise, valiant DIPHILUS! I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

DIPH. Valor reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem,
Use us with honor, and we are your slaves,
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

KING. With honor, and with trust this land shall
After my brother, none so great as you. [know,

Enter the KING's Guards.

MEL. If these approach us, Sir! by your command,
Take back your pardon, on our guard we stand,
The KING steps between them.

KING. What over diligence has brought you here?

GUARD. Such as you'll pardon when the news you
AMINTOR is retir'd, ASPASIA gone; [hear,
And a strange humour does possess the town.
They arm a-pace, Sir! and aloud declare
Things, which we dare not whisper in your ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your pleasure in this exigent,
This honor'd person you might justly fear,
Were he not loyal and amongst us here:
They say his merit's ill-return'd; and cry,
With great MELANTIUS they will live, and die.

T 4

MEL.

MEL. Sir! not your pow'r, but virtue, made me
 For, all he tells you, I did kneeling know. [bow:
 'Tho' now the faithful'st of your subjects, we
 Have been the cause of all this mutiny.
 Go comfort, Sir! AMINTOR, while we run
 To stop the rage of this revolting town:
 And let them know the happiness they have
 In such a royal pair, so just, so brave!
 Lend me your Guards; that, if persuasion fail,
 Force may against the mutinous prevail.

KING. [*to the Guards*.] Go, and obey, with as exact
 All his commands, as if ourself were there. [*a care*,
 [*Aside*.] He that depends upon another, must
 Oblige his honor with a boundless trust.

Exeunt KING and LUCIPPUS.

MEL. How frail is man! how quickly changed are
 Our wrath, and fury, to a loyal care!
 This, drawn but now against my sov'reigns breast,
 Before, 'tis sheath'd, shall give him peace, and rest,

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

The SCENE changes into a Forest.

Enter ASPASIA.

ASP. They say wild beasts inhabit here;
 But grief, and wrong, secures my fear.
 Compar'd to him that does refuse,
 A tiger's kind, for he pursues,
 To be forsaken's worse than torn;
 And death a lesser ill than scorn.
 No forest, cave, or savage den,
 Holds more pernicious beasts than men.
 Vows, oaths, and contracts they devise;
 And tell us they are sacred ties:

And

And so they are in our esteem ;
 But, empty names, despis'd by them !
 Women with study'd arts they vex :
 Ye Gods ! destroy that impious sex :
 And if there must be some t' invoke
 Your Pow'rs, and make your altars smoke ;
 Come down yourselves, and in their place
 Get a more just, and nobler race !
 Such as the old world did adorn,
 When Heroes, like yourselves, were born.
 But this I wish not for ASPASIA's sake ;
 For, she no God would for AMINTOR take.
 The heart, which is our passions' seat,
 Whether we will or no, does beat :
 And yet we may suppress our breath :
 This lets us see that life, and death,
 Are in our pow'r : but love, and hate,
 Depend not on our will, but Fate.
 My love was lawful, when 'twas born ;
 Their marriage makes it merit scorn.
 EVADNE's husband 'tis a fault
 To love ; a blemish to my thought :
 Yet twisted with my life : and I,
 That cannot faultless live, will die !
 Oh ! that some hungry beast would come,
 And make himself ASPASIA's tomb.
 If none accept me for a prey,
 Death must be found some other way.
 In colder regions men compose
 Poison with art ; but here it grows.
 Not long since walking in the field,
 My nurse and I, we there beheld

A goodly

A goodly fruit ; which tempting me,
 I would have pluck'd ; but, trembling, she,
 Whoever eat those berries, cry'd,
 In less than half an hour dy'd.
 Some God direct me to that bough,
 On which those useful berries grow !

Exit.

Enter AMINTOR alone.

AMIN. Repentance, which became EVADNE so,
 Would no less handsome in AMINTOR show.
 She ask'd me pardon ; but ASPASIA I,
 (Injur'd alike !) suffer'd to pine, and die.
 'Tis said, that she this dang'rous forest haunts,
 And in sad accents utters her complaints.
 If overtaken, e'er she perish, I
 Will gain her pardon, or before her die.
 Not ev'ry Lady does from virtue fall ;
 Th' injurious King does not possess them all,
 Well I deserv'd EVADNE's scorn to prove,
 That to ambition sacrific'd my love.
 Fools, that consult their avarice, or pride !
 To chuse a wife, love is our noblest guide. [Exit.
Enter ASPASIA alone with a bough full of fair berries.

ASP. This happy bough shall give relief,
 Not to my hunger, but my grief.
 The birds know how to chuse their fate ;
 To peck this fruit they all forbear.
 Those chearful singers know not why
 They should make any haste to die :
 And yet they couple.----Can they know
 What 'tis to love, and not know sorrow too ?
 'Tis man alone that willing dies ;
 Beasts are less wretched, or less wise.

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How lovely these ill berries shew!
 And so did false AMINTOR too.
 Heav'n wou'd ensnare us! who can 'scape
 When fatal things have such a shape?
 Nothing in vain the Gods create;
 This bough was made to hasten Fate.
 'Twas in compassion of our woe,
 That nature first made poisons grow;
 For hopeless wretches, (such as I!)
 Kindly providing means to die.
 As mothers do their children keep;
 So nature feeds, and makes us sleep.
 The indispos'd she does invite
 To go to bed, before 'tis night.
 Death always is to come, or past;
 If it be ill, it cannot last.
 Sure 'tis a thing was never known:
 For when that's present, we are gone.
 'Tis an imaginary line,
 Which does our Being here confine.
 Dead, we shall be, as when unborn;
 And then I knew not love, nor scorn.
 But say we are to live elsewhere---
 What has the innocent to fear?
 Can I be treated worse than here?
 Justice from hence long since is gone;
 And reigns where I shall be a-non.

Enter AMINTOR.

AM. 'Tis she! those fatal berries shew
 The mischief she's about to do.
 Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate:
 Their love's insuperable, as their hate.

No

No merit their averſion can remove ;
Nor ill requital can efface their love.

ASP. Like ſlaves redeem'd, death ſets us free
From paſſion, and from injury.

The living chain'd to Fortune's wheel,
In triumph led, her changes feel :

And conquerors keep poiſons by,
Prepar'd for her inſtancy.

Bays againſt thunder might defend their brow :

But, againſt love, and Fortune, here's the bough!

Here ſhe puts ſome of the berries to her mouth.

AMITOR ſtrikes the berries out of her hand, and
ſnatches the bough.

AM. Raſh maid, forbear! and lay thoſe berries by;
Or give them him that has deſerv'd to die.

ASP. What double cruelty is this? would you,
That made me wretched, keep me always ſo?

EVADNE has you:—let ASPASIA have

The common refuge of a quiet grave:

If you have kindneſs left, there ſee me laid :

To bury decently the injur'd maid,

Is all the favor that you can beſtow ;

Or I receive——pray render me my bough.

AM. No leſs than you, was your AMINTOR wrong'd;
The falſe EVADNE to the King belong'd.

You had my promiſe, and my bed is free ;

I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

ASP. Your vows to her were in the Temple made;
The ſacred Altar witneſs'd what you ſaid.

AM. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But, ev'ry-where hear promiſes that bind.

The

The heav'n, the air, earth, and the boundless sea,
 Make but one Temple for the Deity,
 That was a witness to my former vow :
 None can AMINTOR justly claim, but you,
 Who gives himself away the second time,
 Creates no title, but commits a crime.

ASP. I could have dy'd but once ; but, this believ'd,
 I may, alas ! be more than once deceiv'd.
 Death was the port, which I almost did gain,
 Shall I once more be tost into the Main ?

By what new Gods, AMINTOR, will you swear ?

AM. By the same Gods, that have been so severe ;
 By the same Gods, the justice of whose wrath
 Punish'd th' infraction of my former faith.

May ev'ry lady an EVADNE prove,
 That shall divert me from ASPASIA's love !

ASP. If ever you should prove unconstant now,
 I shall remember where those berries grow.

AM. My love was always constant ; but the KING,
 MELANTIUS' friendship, and, (that fatal thing !)
 Ambition, me on proud EVADNE threw ;
 And made me cruel to myself and you.
 But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
 Here in your presence I'll devour the bough.

ASP. Rash man, forbear ! [*Snatching the bough from him.*]
 but for some unbelief,

My joy had been as fatal as my grief :
 The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
 Would yet have made a tragedy of this.
 Secure of my AMINTOR, still I fear
 EVADNE's mighty friend, the King.

AM. He's here,

Enter

Enter the KING, and his Brother, to them.

KING. How shall I look upon that * noble youth;
[Turning to his Brother.

So full of patience, loyalty, and truth?
The fair ASPASIA I have injured too:
The guilty author of their double woe!
My passion's gone; and, reason in her throne;
Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

AM. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate;
And royal kindness never comes too late:
So, when heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful, and thankful, when it smiles again.

Taking ASPASIA by the hand.

This knot, you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

KING. May you be happy! and, your sorrows past
Set-off those joys, I wish may ever last!

Giving the letter to AMINTOR.

Read this.

AM. EVADNE fled!---ASPASIA, now
You'll have no more occasion for your bough.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. MELANTIUS, Sir! has let the people know
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you:
The town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the KING!*

LUC. Sir! let us to the sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our joys, and thanks, to show.

KING. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest incense is fraternal love.

* AMINTOR.

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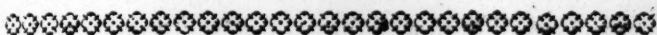
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Like the rich clouds that rise from melted gums,
 It spreads itself, and the whole isle perfumes.
 This sacred union has preserv'd the state ;
 And from all tempests shall secure our fate :
 Like a well-twisted cable, holding fast
 The anchor'd vessel in the loudest blast.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce MELANTIUS was content, you see,
 The KING should live ; be not more fierce than
 Too long indulgent to so rude a time, [he :
 When love was held so capital a crime,
 That a crown'd head could no compassion find ;
 But dy'd,---because the killer had been kind !
 Nor is't less strange, such mighty wits as those
 Should use a stile in Tragedy, like prose.
 Well-sounding verse, where Princes tread the stage,
 Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.
 And verses are the potent charms we use,
 Heroick thoughts, and virtue, to infuse.
 When next we act this Tragedy again,
 Unless you like the change, we shall be slain :

The

*The innocent ASPASIA's life, or death,
AMINTOR's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if we die, 'twas want of your applause.*



EPILOGUE.

Design'd upon the first Alteration of the Play,
when the king only was left alive.

ASPASIA bleeding on the Stage does lye,
To shew you, still 'tis the MAID'S TRAGEDY.
The fierce MELANTIUS was content you see,
The KING should live: be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compassion find,
But dy'd---because the killer had been kind!
This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle AMINTOR too, had he believ'd
The fairer sex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.
ASPASIA he has spar'd: but, for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, I must be slain.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause:
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applause.

ADVER-

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

MR. WALLER, in his first thoughts of altering this Play, pitched upon a design of making EVADNE go among the Vestals. But, considering that the persons in this Play are suppos'd to be beathens, who never admitted any but pure virgin^s among their Vestals, he chang'd his design. Nevertheless, before he did so, he had writ the following verses :

EVADNE. A Vestal vow'd, with pity I look down
On the KING's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown.
But here's the sacred place, where we may have,
Before we die, an honorable grave.
The dead, and that they live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the most severe.

[Knocks at a door.

Enter Governess.

Gov. The great EVADNE visiting our cell !

Ev. 'Tis not to visit you : but here to dwell.

Can you find room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you die ?

Gov. You, that so early can correct your thoughts,
May hope for pardon for your greatest faults.

Happy is she that from the world retires,
And carries with her what the world admires !

Thrice-happy she ! whose young thoughts fix'd above,
While she is lovely, does to heav'n make love.

I need not urge your promise, e'er you find
An entrance here, to leave the world behind,

U

Ev.

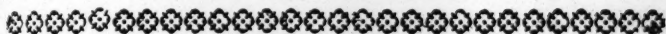
Ev. My guilty love devotion shall succeed;
 Love such as mine was, tho' a dang'rous weed,
 Shews the rich soil, (on which it grew so high)
 May yield as fair a crop of piety.

But, of all passions, I ambition find
 Hardest to banish from a glorious mind.
 Yet, heav'n our object made, ambition may
 (As well as love) be turn'd a nobler way,
 Still I ascend: it is a step above
 A Prince's favor, to belong to Jove.

They go in, and the door shuts.

Enter MELANTIUS with a Letter.

Among the Vestals' she'll corrupt them all;
 And teach them from their sacred vow to fall. ***



T H E

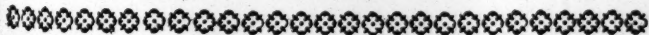
First ACT of the TRAGEDY

O F

P O M P E Y,

Translated from the FRENCH of

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.



U 2



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P O M P E Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter P T O L E M Y, P H O T I N U S, A C H I L L A S,
S E P T I M I U S.

P T O L E M Y

THE Fates disclose their book, and now we
read,

What of the * father, and the † son's, decreed.
Th' amazed Gods a-while seem'd all divided ;
What the demurr'd, PHARSALIA has decided !
Whose rivers dy'd with blood, and rapid made,
Swell with the fury of the ROMAN blade ;
Arms, Eagles, bodies, all confus'dly spread,
Cover her fields, infested with the dead !
Heaps of the slain, deny'd a funeral,
Just nature to their own revenge does call ;
From putrid corps exhaling poisonous airs,
Enough to plague the guilty conquerors.
This is the title of great CÆSAR's cause !
At this dear evidence, by MARS his laws,

* JULIUS CÆSAR.

† POMPEY.

U 3

CÆSAR'S

CÆSAR'S absolv'd, and POMPEY guilty cry'd !
 This pity'd Leader of the juster side,
 By weary Fortune of success bereft,
 Is made a great example, and has left
 The world a pattern of her rowling wheel;
 Whose dismal turn whole nations with him feel.
 He ! whose prosperity was want to vye
 With his own wish, from THESSALY does fly :
 The vanquish'd POMPEY to our ports, our walls,
 Our Court, approaching, for a refuge calls
 From his own Father-in-law : his proud defeat
 Seeks where against the TITANS a retreat
 The Gods once found : where, in despite of all
 They that sav'd heav'n (he thinks) may stop his fall;
 And sharing the despair on which he's hurl'd,
 May give a prop unto the tott'ring world.
 For, the world's fate on POMPEY's fate depends :
 And to our EGYPT in distress he sends,
 For aid, or ruin ; a recruit, or grave ;
 We must sink with him, or his fortunes save.
 This tempest, friends ! your grave advice must calm :
 He brings dread thunder, or the welcome palm :
 He crown'd * the father, threatens now the son ;
 MEMPHIS he gave, and hazards what h' has done,
 His ruin I must share, or else comply
 With CÆSAR'S wish, and make my suppliant die :
 The first, unsafe ; the other base, and low ;
 I fear injustice, or an overthrow.
 Do what I can, to whatsoe'er I fly,
 'Tis full of danger, or of infamy.
 The choice is mine, and you are to consult
 What to incline me, to by your result :

* PTOLEMY AULETES.

POMPEY'S

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 231

POMPEY's the theme ; and we must have the praise
To trouble CÆSAR, or compleat his bays.
You sit on both their fortunes ; upon more
Than any council ever sat before I

PHOTIN. SIR ! when the sword grear causes does
Justice, and right, good statesmen lay aside : [decide,
And who will wisely act in such a season,
Must balance strength, and not examine reason.
Weigh your own forces then, and POMPEY's might ;
His hopes are dash'd, his fruitless valor light :
'Tis not from CÆSAR only that he flies,
But from the dread reproach, and wrathful eyes,
Of ROME's great Senate ; whose best half invites
To a rich banquet the PHARSALIAN kites.
He flies the city, and the sons, of ROME ;
Which his defate to slavery does doom :
He flies the rage of nations, and of crowns,
That would revenge on him their ranfack'd towns ;
Their weaken'd States, of men, and money, drain'd ;
Their reputation by his losses stain'd ;
The cause of all their woes : hated by all
He flies ; the whole world shatter'd with his fall !
Will you against such opposition stand,
And bear his cause up, with a single hand ?
The hope he had was in himself alone ;
What might be done, he did ; he over-thrown,
You must give way : will sustain a weight
Which ROME bends under, shrinking from her height ?
Maintain a quarrel that has thunder-strook
The reeling world, and the great POMPEY broke ?
They that the Faults of Fortune would amend,
And be too just, against themselves offend ;

U 4

Whilst;

Whilst, indiscreetly kind with vain effort,
 They perish with those friends they would support
 Their faith has a brave lusture—but they fall;
 And honour lessens not the bruise at all.
 Side with the Gods; declare yourself for Fate;
 Draw not on us their thunder, and their hate.
 Ask not, how justly, wherefore, they chastise;
 But worship him whom they would have to rise:
 Approve of their decrees, applaud their will;
 And, whom they frown on, in obedience kill.
 By divine vengeance on all sides pursu'd,
 POMPEY involves your EGYPT in the feud:
 His head (that he has shifted so, to save!)
 Falling, your royal company would have:
 His present coming I unfriendly deem;
 Th' effect of hatred, rather than esteem:
 'Tis to destroy you, hither now to fly;
 And can you doubt if he deserve to die?
 He should have come with bays upon his brows:
 And with success have seconded our vows:
 With feasts, and triumphs, then we had receiv'd him;
 'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him.
 Not him, but his ill fortune we neglect;
 For, to his person we would pay respect:
 CÆSAR subdu'd, by the same sword had dy'd,
 With which, less willingly! we pierce his side.
 Under his ruin, you must shelter take;
 And, in this storm, his death your harbour make:
 Which, tho' the world should reckon as a crime,
 Is but a just compliance with the time.
 The strict regard of justice does annoy
 The pow'r of crowns, and policy destroy:

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'Tis the prerogative of Kings to spare
 Nothing, when they their own destruction fear :
 He wants no danger, whom the care of Right
 Keeps from injustice when 'tis requisite.
 Who to his royal pow'r no bound would have,
 To his own conscience must not be a slave.—
 And thus you have my counsel, mighty Sir !
 Who kills the conquer'd, gains the conqueror.

ACHIL. PHOTINUS. Sir ! speaks well : but tho' the
 POMPEY has lost, his person yet I weigh : [day.
 I reverence that blood the Gods did spare
 When his whole army such a fate did share !
 Nor see I reason why it should be spilt ;
 Unless it prove a necessary guilt,
 What needs such rigor ? Your estate is sure ;
 Who takes no part, can make no forfeiture :
 You may stand neuter, as you did before ;
 Though CÆSAR'S rising fortune you adore,
 And treat him like a God, by my advice,
 You shall not make him such a sacrifice :
 For MARS it were too pretious ! and will give
 Your name a blot you never shall out-live :
 It is enough, that POMPEY hither came,
 And found no succour, to keep you from blame.
 The Senate, by his inclination led,
 EGYPT'S crown upon your fathers head :
 And yet, I say not Kings should grateful be,
 Beyond the bounds, and rule, of policy :
 They of their people ought more care to show,
 Than gratitude for all that they can owe.
 A crown bestow'd can lay no obligation
 On him, that takes it to destroy his nation.

Besides,

Besides, if every circumstance be weigh'd,
 What ventur'd POMPEY in your father's aid?
 He fought thereby to make his credit known;
 And glory got by rend'ring him his own:
 He to the Senate an oration made;
 But CÆSAR's thousand talents did persuade:
 Had not that treasure made your father's way.
 In vain had been what-ever he could say.
 He, for you then; for him, to CÆSAR you
 May plead:-----'tis all with safety you can do:
 And all you owe him: to receive him here,
 Were to admit a guest that you must fear,
 A conquer'd Consul is so great a thing,
 That he will bear himself above a King.
 Forbid him landing then, and spare his head:
 But,-----if your Majesty will have him dead,
 Command this sword to execute your will;
 Great POMPEY's blood I'll be the first shall spill.

SEPTIM. Dread Sir! I am a ROMAN; and do
 Both these Commanders, and their interest too. [know
 To succour POMPEY were a dang'rous part;
 To chase him hence, would gain but half the heart
 Of mighty CÆSAR: and make him your foe,
 Who, yet, perhaps, may to such greatness grow;
 (Raising new forces both at land and sea)
 That he at length with CÆSAR may agree:
 And both revenge themselves on such a friend,
 Whose cold neutrality did both offend.
 In rend'ring him I no less danger find;
 CÆSAR to pardon him must seem inclin'd;
 And, with false glory, make glad ROME believe
 'Tis for her sake he lets his rival live:

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 235

Whilst, in the secret of his thoughts, he knows
That his forc'd clemency to you he owes.

Free CÆSAR then from danger, and from guilt,
And let his fortune on your shame be built ;
POMPEY destroy'd, of CÆSAR we are sure,
And from the vengeance of the dead secure.
This my advice is ; what ACHILLAS said,
Would give you cause to live of Both afraid.

PTOL. Then, to necessity let justice vail
And the plurality of votes prevail !
My inclinations too favours that doom,
Which may abate the arrogance of ROME ;
Let her, that does the prostrate world bestride,
Lose at one stroke, both liberty and pride :
Let POMPEY die, in whom her hopes do live ;
To the world's tyrants let's a tyrant give :
Let us contribute to the Fates' decree,
To make them subjects, and us Monarchs free.
At least, our Masters by this brave resolve
In the same servitude we shall involve.
Go then, ACHILLAS, with SEPTIMIUS go,
And make us famous by this noble blow :
Had heav'n to POMPEY been propitious,
It had not sent him to endanger us.

ACHIL. Sir ! what a King commands is always just.

PTOL. Hasten then, begone, and answer this great
trust !

Which well perform'd, our throne secure you make ;
Remember ! ROME, and EGYPT, are at stake.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

PHOTINUS! this our * sister will deceive,
 That hopes a crown from POMPEY to receive;
 She knows he has our father's Will in guard,
 And sees her way to royalty prepar'd
 By his arrival; she already plays
 The Queen, and her ambitious hopes betrays;
 Thinking by POMPEY's friendship, and his might,
 To ratify that Will, and share my right:
 She looks as if she were already grown
 My mistress, or my partner in the throne.

PHOTIN. Sir! 'tis a motive which I did not urge;
 That POMPEY's death will her ill humours purge.
 Your cause decided by that ancient host
 Of our late King, would half the kingdom cost.
 His Will performed will divide your state;
 Yet wish I not you should your sister hate;
 By nature's law she ought to have her part.
 Not in the royal throne, but in your heart.
 To reign in consort little honor brings;
 And you would seem commissioners, not Kings.
 This way how oft have states distracted been?
 But see! your sister--the pretended Queen.---

* CLEOPATRA.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PTOLEMY, CLEOPATRA, PHOTINUS.

CLEOPATRA.

POMPEY's arriv'd, Sir! shall he come alone?

PTOL. ACHILLAS, and SEPTIMIUS, both are
To wait upon him hither. [gone

CLEOP. Are they two
Enough for him?

PTOL. Why, sister! you may go.

CLEOP. Were it too much, had you in person gone?

PTOL. Yes!--I must keep the honor of the throne.

CLEOP. Remember, Sir! who plac'd you there; and
To that Great Man, to whom you so much owe. [bow

PTOL. Yes! your Great Man's deserted, and o'er-
thrown.

CLEOP. Still he is POMPEY, and gave you the
crown.

PTOL. 'Tis POMPEY's ghost which has oblig'd the
Of our dead father: let him go, and boast [ghost
Those merits past upon his monument.---

Thither perhaps e'er-long he may be sent.

CLEOP. POMPEY a ghost! and sent unto the grave!
Is this the welcome he deserves to have?

PTOL. 'Tis what the Gods inspired us to do;
And what the kingdom's good compell'd us to.

CLEOP. PHOTIN, and such mean counsellors, I fear
Have with base counsel poisoned your ear.

PHOTIN. The counsel, Madam! we must all avow--

CLEOP. Peace! 'till I stoop to mingle words with you.

PTOL. She is my sister! let her humor sway:
For your known innocence there needs no plea.

CLEOP.

CLEOP. Sir! let that horrid sentence be recall'd,
 If not too late; nor longer be enthrall'd
 To these low slaves: but such advice embrace
 As heav'n suggests to those of our high race. [you
 'Pro. Swell'd with the hopes of POMPEY's friendship,
 Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow:
 With a false shew of virtue you can hide
 Your int'rest too, and your ambitious pride.
 With POMPEY's death you could be well content,
 Did he not keep our father's testament.

CLEOP. No Sir! 'tis honor, and not interest,
 Which for great POMPEY makes me thus contest:
 Take here a secret, which will let you know
 My hopes are built upon his mortal foe.
 When the rude people of this * barbarous town
 Made the late King desert his royal throne;
 His native soil he felt, in hope to find
 ROME's Senate to their old confed'rate kind.
 To move their pity we both went along;
 You, but a tender child; myself, though young,
 Yet of an age to make that beauty known
 Which heav'n had lent me, and some hearts my own.
 Above the rest CÆSAR his passion shews,
 Declares his love; but yet, with caution woos:
 Fearing the Senate, he puts POMPEY on:
 Our bus'ness was by their new friendship done.
 POMPEY's authority for his sake we had;
 But you this way with royal robes are clad.
 But CÆSAR, thus to gain us mighty ROME,
 Thought not enough; his love pursues us home:
 His purse, as well as heart, he open'd wide;
 And with his treasure our low state supply'd:

* Alexandria.

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His thousand talents (which are yet unpaid,)
 Over the rebels us victorious made,
 This knew our dying father ; and bestow'd
 Half that on Me, to whom the whole he ow'd ;
 He knew the kingdom was my beauty's prize,
 And that he ow'd his sceptre to these eyes,
 Betwixt us two, by his last Will, the land
 Restor'd by CÆSAR does divided stand,
 And thus, you see, it is no partial end,
 But sense of honor, makes me POMPEY's friend.

PTOL. This story is contrived with address.

CLEOP. Of CÆSAR's coming here is an Express ;
 The cause I have bear me like a Queen,
 Shall by yourself (this day perhaps) be seen.
 For some years past, here treated like a slave,
 My right with-held, which our father just gave,
 To flatter slaves I have employ'd my breath,
 Left your bad Ministers should plot my death :
 From PHOTIN and ACHILLAS' tyranny,
 POMPEY, or CÆSAR, now will set me free :
 One of those two our difference shall decide ;
 And then you'll know the reason of my pride.

[Exit Cleopatra.]

SCENE IV.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

P T O L E M Y.

WHAT think you, PHOTIN? of this haughty
 dame ? [came ;

PHOTIN. This secret never to my knowledge
 Confus'd,

Confus'd uncertain in my thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this storm may be declin'd.

PTOL. Shall POMPEY live then?

PHOTIN. No! the rather die:

This way you must with your fair sister vye
For CÆSAR's grace: whose gratitude may prove,
For such a service, equal to his love. [prevail.

PTOL. What if her charms with CÆSAR should

PHOTIN. She must be flatter'd:—if you think I fail,
With wife SEPTIMIUS, and ACHILLAS, you
May take advice what you are next to do.

PTOL. From the high tow'r we'll look on POM-
PEY's fate;

And this affair at their return debate. [Exeunt.

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L E T T E R S

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

*Nec facundia deserit Hunc. * * **

HORAT.

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A S P E E C H to the House of Commons,  
April 22, 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will use no preface, as they do who prepare men for something in which they have a particular interest : I will only propose what I conceive fit for the House to consider ; and shall be no more concerned in the event, than they that shall hear me.

Two things I observe in his Majesty's demands.

First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy dispatch thereof.

Touching the first : His Majesty's occasions for money are but too evident. For to say nothing how we are neglected abroad, and distracted at home ; the calling of this parliament, and our sitting here (an effect which no light cause could in these times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable man believe, that that Exchequer abounds not so much in money,



money, as the State does in occasions to use it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to dissuade his Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let him see, it is as ready, and more safe for the advancement of His affairs, than any new, or pretended old, way whatsoever.

For the speedy dispatch required, (which was the second thing) not only His Majesty, but, "*res ipsa loquitur*;" the occasion seems to importune no less. Necessity is come upon us like an armed man!

Yet, the use of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to advise with His Majesty of things concerning the Church and Common-wealth. And it hath ever been the custom of Parliaments, by good and wholesome laws to refresh the Common-wealth in general; yea, and to descend into the remedies of particular grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, that the last Acts are for the free gifts of Subsidies on the People's part, and general Pardons on the King's part. Even the wisest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their designs, and the reasons thereof; and then demanded the assistance, both of their counsel and purses. But Physicians, though they be called of the latest, must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the matter of Supply to the healing of our lighter wounds. Let us do what possibly may be done with reason and honesty on our parts, to comply with His Majesty's desires, and to prevent the imminent ills which threaten us.

But consider, Mr. Speaker, that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the trust of those that sent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own defence, and safety; unless His Majesty be pleased, first, to restore them to the propriety of their goods, and lawful liberties; whereof they esteem themselves now out of possession. One need not tell you that the propriety of goods is the mother of courage, and the nurse of industry; makes us valiant in war, and good husbands in peace. The experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present observation of the care

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the country has had to choose persons of worth and courage, makes me think this House like the Spartans, whose forward valor required some softer music to allay and quiet their spirits, too much moved with the sound of martial instruments. 'Tis not the fear of imprisonment, or, if need be, of death itself, that can keep a true-hearted English-man from the care to leave this part of his inheritance as entire to posterity, as he received it from his ancestors.

This therefore let us first do; and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply. Let us give new force to the many laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our rights, and privileges; and endeavour to restore this nation to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and the freedom of our persons: no way doubting but we shall find His Majesty as gracious, and ready, as any of his royal progenitors have been, to grant our just desires therein. For, not only the people do think, but the wisest do know, that what we have suffered in this long vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the person of no King was ever better beloved of his people; and that no people were ever more unsatisfied with the ways of levying monies; are two truths which may serve one to demonstrate the other. For, such is their aversion to the present courses, that neither the admiration they have of His Majesty's native inclinations to justice, and clemency; nor the pretended consent of the judges; could make them willingly submit themselves to this late tax of Ship-Money. And such is their natural love, and just esteem, of his Majesty's goodness, that no late pressure could provoke them, nor any example invite them, to disloyalty, or disobedience.

But, what is it then that hath bred this misunderstanding betwixt the King and his people? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of the son of \* Solomon, that he was a Prince of a tender heart; and yet we see, by the advice of violent Counsellors, how rough an answer he gave to his people. † "That his finger should be thicker than his father's loins," was not his own, but the voice of some persons about him, that wanted the gravity and moderation requisite for the Counsellors of a young king. I love not to press allegories too far; but, the

\* REHOBOAM.

† 2 Chron. x. 10.

X 2

resemblance

resemblance of Job's story with ours holds so well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him; and yet he was not provoked to rebel, so much as with his tongue; tho' he had no very good example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he suffered. I hope His Majesty will imitate God in the bigner part too: and as he was severe to Job only while He discoursed with another concerning him; but when He vouchsafed to speak Himself to him, began to rebuke those who had mistaken and mis-judged his case, and to restore the patient man to his former prosperity: so now that His Majesty hath admitted us to his presence, and spoke face to face with us, I doubt not but she shall see fairer, days, and be as rich in the possession of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at those that seem to doubt the success of this parliament, or that the misunderstanding between the King and His people should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesty's wants are not so great, but that we may find means to supply Him: nor our desires so unreasonable, or so incompatible with government, but that His Majesty may well satisfy them. For, our late experience, I hope, will teach us what rocks to shun, and how necessary the use of moderation is. And for His Majesty, he has had experience enough, how that prospers which is gotten without the concurrent good will of his people. Never more money taken from the subject; never more want in the Exchequer! If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the people of England were wont to pay in such a time. If we look upon what has been effected therewith; it shews as if never King has been worse supply'd: so that we seem to have endeavoured the filling of a sieve with water. Whosoever gave advice for these courses, has made good the saying of the wise man, \* "Qui counterbat domum suam possidebit ventum." By new ways they think to accomplish wonders; but, in truth, they grasp the wind: and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For, if the Commonwealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want, nor do amiss; so as he govern not according to the interest of others; but go the shortest, and the safest, ways, to his own, and the common good.

\* Prov. xi. 29.

The Kings of this nation have always governed by Parliament: and if we look upon the success of things since Parliaments were laid by, it resembles that of the Græcians.

\* Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri

Res Danaum \* \* \*

especially on the subjects' part. For, though the King hath gotten little; they have lost all.

But, His Majesty shall hear the truth from us; and we shall make appear the errors of those Divines who would persuade us, that a monarch must be absolute, and that he may do all things "ad libitum:" receding not only from their text, (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own profession might teach them, † "State super vias antiquas," and, || "remove not the ancient bounds, and landmarks, which our fathers have set." If to be absolute were to be restrained by no laws, then can no King in Christendom be so; for, they all stand obliged to the laws Christian: and we ask no more; for, to this pillar are our privileges fixed; our Kings at their coronation taking a sacred oath not to infringe them.

I am sorry these men take no more care to gain our belief of those things which they tell us for our souls' health; while we know them so manifestly in the wrong, in that which concerns the liberties and privileges of the subjects of England! But, they gain preferment; and then it is no matter, tho' they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But since they are so ready to let loose the consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection against this pulpit-law, by declaring and reinforcing the municipal laws of this kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this opinion is, or rather this way of Rising, even among themselves. For † Mr. Hooker (who sure was no refractory man, as they term it) thinks, that the first government was arbitrary, till it was found, that "to live by one man's will, became the cause of all men's misery:" (these are his words) concluding, §

\* VIRG. ÆN. 2. ver. 169. † Jerem. vi. 16. || Prov. xxii. 28. † Ecclesiastical Polity, Book I. Sect. 10.

§ "This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them." Ibid.

that this was the original of inventing laws. And, if we look further back, our histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this kingdom have often been the mediators between the King and his subjects, to present and pray redress of their grievances; and had reciprocally then as much love, and reverence, from the people.

But, these preachers, (more active than their predecessors, and wiser than the laws) have found out a better form of government! The King must be a more absolute Monarch than any of His predecessors; and to them he must owe it: tho' in the mean time, they hazard the hearts of his people; and involve him in a thousand difficulties. For suppose this form of government were inconvenient; (and yet this is but a supposition; for, these five hundred years it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us victorious over other nations) but, I say, suppose they have another idea of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprise the change of a long-establish'd government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succede in this happy race; why should so pious, and so good a King be exposed to this trouble, and hazard? Besides that, Kings so diverted can never do any great matter abroad.

But, while these men have thus spent their wits against the laws of their country; whether they have neglected their own province, and what tares are grown up in the field which they should have tilled, I leave it to a second consideration. Not but that religion ought to be the first thing in our purposes, and desires: but, that which is first in dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For, well-being supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the rest of the creatures, before He appointed a law to observe. And let me tell you, if our adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easy than to impose religion on a people deprived of their liberties; so, there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon free men.

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And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I conclude with this motion, that there may be an order presently made, that the first thing this House will consider of, shall be the restoring this nation in general to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and freedom of our persons: and that then we will forthwith consider of the Supply desired. And thus we shall discharge the trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither: His Majesty will see, that we make more than ordinary haste to satisfy his demands; and we shall let all those know that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give interruption to the former.

A Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houses in the Painted Chamber, July 6, 1641, upon delivering the Impeachment against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY.

MY LORDS,

I AM commanded, by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY: which, when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House, concerning the crimes therein contained.

*Articles of the House of Commons in the name of themselves, and of all the Commons of England, against Sir Francis Crawley, Knight, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common-Pleas, impeaching him as followeth.*

I. That he, about the month of November, Anno Domini 1635, then being one of the Justices of the Common-Pleas, and having taken an oath for the due administration of justice to His Majesty's liege people, according to the Laws and Statutes of this realm, subscribed an opinion "in hæc verba:" [I am of opinion, that as where the benefit doth more particularly redound to the good of the ports, or maritime parts, (as in case of piracy or depredations, upon the seas) there the charge hath been, and may be lawfully im-

pos'd upon them, according to the Precedents of former times; so, where the safety and good of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, (of which His Majesty is the only judge) there the charge of the defence ought to be born by all the realm in general. This I hold agreeable both to law and reason.]

II. That he, in or about the month of February, Anno Domini 1636, then being one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, subscribed an extrajudicial opinion, in answer to Questions in a letter from His Majesty, "in hæc verba:"

### CHARLES REX.

When the good and safety of this kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, whether may not the Kings, by Writs under the great seal of England, command all the subjects of this Kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, victuals, and munition, and for such time as he shall think fit, for the defence and safeguard of the kingdom from such peril and danger; and by law compel the doing thereof in case of refusal or refractoriness? and whether in such case is, not the King the sole judge, both of the danger, and when, and how, the same is to be prevented and avoided?

C. R.

May it please your most excellent Majesty!

We have according to Your Majesty's command severally every man by himself, and all of us together, taken into serious consideration the case and question signed by Your Majesty, and inclosed in Your royal Letter. And we are of opinion, that when the good and safety of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, Your Majesty may by Writ, under the great seal of England, command all the subjects of this Your kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, victuals, and munition; and for such time as Your Majesty shall think fit, for the defence and safeguard of the kingdom from such danger and peril: and that by law Your Majesty may compel the doing thereof, in case of refusal, or refractoriness. And we also are of opinion,

That

That in such case Your Majesty is the sole judge both of the danger, and when, and how, the same is to be prevented and avoided.

John Bramston.

John Finch.

Humphrey Davenport.

John Denham.

Richard Hutton.

William Jones.

George Crook.

Thomas Trevor.

George Vernon.

Robert Berkley.

Francis Crawley.

Richard Weston.

III. That he being then one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, delivered an opinion in the Exchequer-Chamber against John Hamden, Esquire, in the case of Ship-money, That he the said John Hamden, upon the matter and substance of the case, was chargeable with the money then in question: a copy of which proceedings and judgment the Commons of this present Parliament have already delivered to your Lordships.

IV. That he, being then one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, declared and published in the Exchequer-Chamber and the Western-Circuit where he went Judge, That the King's right to Ship-money was so inherent a Right in the Crown, as an Act of Parliament could not take it away: and with divers malicious speeches inveighed against, threatened, and discountenanced such as refused to pay Ship-money. All which opinions and judgments, contained in the first, second, and third Articles, are destructive to the fundamental laws of this realm, the subjects Right of property, and contrary to former Resolutions in Parliament, and to the Petition of Right: which said Resolutions and Petition of Right were well known to him.

And the said Commons, by protestation, saving to themselves only the liberties of exhibiting at any time hereafter, any other accusation or impeachment against the said Sir Francis Crawley, and also of replying to the answer that he the said Sir Francis Crawley shall make unto the said Articles, or any of them, or of offering proof of the premises, or of any other of them impeachments or accusations that shall be exhibited by them, as the case shall (according to the course of Parliaments) require, do pray, That the said Sir Francis Crawley, one of the justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, may be put to answer to all and every the premises: and that such proceedings, examinations, trials, and judgments,

ments, may be upon every one of them had and used, as is agreeable to law and justice.

Then Mr. WALLER proceeded thus :

MY LORDS !

**N**OT only my wants, but my affections, render me less fit for this employment ; for tho' it has not been my happiness to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honors that profession more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave judges, the oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed, or directed, by them ; and when a Parliament is called, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being styled "*Parliamentum indoctorum*." But, as all professions are obnoxious to the malice of the professors, and by them most easily betrayed ; so, my Lords, these Articles have told you, how these brothers of the coil are become "*fratres in malo* ;" how these sons of the Law have torn out the bowels of their mother. But this Judge, whose charge you last heard, in one expression of his excels no less his fellows than they have done the worst of their predecessors in this conspiracy against the Common-wealth. Of the judgment for Ship-money, and those extra-judicial opinions preceeding the same (wherein they are jointly concerned) you have already heard ; how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so public a cause, has been sufficiently expressed to your Lordships. But this man, adding despair to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right so inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein, my Lords, he did not only give as deep a wound to the Common-wealth as any of the rest, but dipped his dart in such a poison, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a cure. As by those abortive opinions, subscribing to the subversion of our propriety before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own ; so, by this declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this mischief might be redressed. Sure he is more wise, and learned, than to believe himself in this opinion ;

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nion; or, not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself, and therefore, no doubt, but, by saying no Parliament could abolish this judgment, his meaning was, that this judgment had abolished Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-Money springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown annual, but he must entail it upon the state for ever; at once making necessity inherent to the crown, and slavery to the subject? necessity! which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty, than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his royal State with a greater power, and ampler fortune. For, so undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as subjects, are involved in the confusion which necessity produces, that the heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, \* "*Pareatur necessitati quam ne dii quidem superant.*" This Judge then having, in his Charge at the Assize, declared the dissolution of the Law by this supposed necessity; with what conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to condemn and punish men? unless, perhaps, he meant the Law was still in force for our destruction, and not for our preservation; that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us! a thing no less horrid than if the sun should burn without lighting us; or the earth serve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us. But, my Lords, to demonstrate that this was a supposititious imposed necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleased; at the last convention in Parliament a price was set upon it, "for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this sentence." It may be said that so much money would have removed the present necessity; but, here was a rate set upon future necessity; "for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity" again, you shall for ever abolish that judgment." Here this mystery is revealed, this vizard of necessity is pulled off! And now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies, to be levied on your Lordships and the Commons. Certainly, there is no privilege which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the purse of the subject: and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships,

\* LIVY, lib. 9. c. 4.



otherways than as your assistants, have not only assumed to themselves this privilege of parliament, but presumed at once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of England, do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this man has had the boldness to put the power of Parliament in balance with the opinion of the Judges, I shall entreat your Lordships to observe, by way of comparison, the solemn and safe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In parliament, as your Lordships know well, no new law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons' House, and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that 'tis like gold, seven times purified. Whereas these Judges, by this one resolution of theirs, would persuade his Majesty, that by naming NECESSITY he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the Great Charter, thirty-two times confirmed by his Royal progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and propriety of the subject. A strange force, my Lords, in the sound of this word NECESSITY! that, like a charm it should silence the laws, while we are despoiled of all we have; for, that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the grace and goodness of the king: for, so much as concerns these judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed judgment upon them.

This, for the neglect of their oaths, and betraying that public trust, which for the conservation of our laws was reposed in them: now, for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this judgment. You may please to remember that in the Old Law they were forbid \* "to seeth a kid in his mother's milk;" of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any creature, which was intended for its preservation. Now, my Lords, God and Nature, has given us the sea as our best guard against our enemies; and our ships, as our greatest glory above other nations: and how barbarously would these men have let-in the sea upon us, at once to wash away our liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our land, all the propriety we have therein! making the supply of our navy a pretense for the ruin of our nation! For,

\* Exod. xxiii. 19.

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observe, I beseech you, the fruit and consequence of this judgment; how this money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it. On every County a ship is annually impos'd: and, who would not expect but our seas by this time, should be covered with the number of our ships? alas, my lords, the daily complaints of the decay of our navy tell us how ill Ship-money has maintained the sovereignty of the sea: and, by the many petitions which we receive from the wives of those miserable captives at Algiers, (being between four or five thousand of our countrymen,) it does too evidently appear that, to make us slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made slaves abroad: so far has this judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity, that as it changed our real propriety into the shadow of a propriety; so, of a feign'd, it has made a real, necessity!

A little before the approach of the Gauls to Rome, while the Romans had yet no apprehensions of that danger, there was heard a voice in the air, louder than ordinary, "The Gauls are come;" which voice, after they had sacked the city, and besieged the capital, was held so ominous, that \* Livy relates it as a prodigy. This anticipation of necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us; these Judges, like ill-boding birds, have called necessity upon the State, in a time when I dare say, they thought it themselves in greatest security. But if it seem superstitious to take this as an omen, sure I am we may look on it as a cause of the unfeigned necessity we now suffer; for, what regret, and discontent, has this judgment bred among us; and as when the noise, and tumult, in a private house, grows so loud as to be heard into the streets, it calls in the next dwellers, either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of domestic strife: so, in all likelihood, our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to invite our neighbours to visit us; so much to the expence and trouble of both these kingdoms.

And here, my lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the antient reputation, and valor, of the English nation. And no wonder! for, if it be true, that † "Oppression maketh a wise man mad;" it may well suspend the courage of the valiant. The same happened to the Romans, when, for

\* Lib. 5. c. 32.

† Eccles. vii. 7.

renown in arms, they most excelled the rest of the world: the story is but short; it was in the time of the Decemviri; and I think the chief troublers of our state may make up that number. The Decemviri, my Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament. This, says the historian, did not only deject the Romans, and make them despair of their liberty; but, caused them to be less valued by their neighbours. The Sabines take the advantage, and invade them; and now the Decemviri are forced to call the long-desired senate; whereof the people were so glad, that \* “*Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt.*” This assembly breaks up in discontent: nevertheless the war proceeds: Forces are raised, led by some of the Decemviri, and with the Sabines they meet in the field. I know your Lordships expect the event: my author’s words of his countrymen are these, † “*Ne quid ductu atque auspicio decemvirorum prospere usquam gereretur, vinci se per suum atque illorum dedecus patiebantur:*” they chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their honor, than by victory to confirm the tyranny of their new masters. At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is called: and there the Decemviri are questioned, deprived of their authority, imprisoned, banished, and some lose their lives. And soon after this vindication of their liberties, the Romans, by their better success, made it appear to the world, that liberty and courage dwell always in the same breast, and are never to be disordered. No doubt, my lords, but your justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people. ’Tis not the restitution of our antient laws alone, but the restoration of our antient courage, which is expected from your Lordships. I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this man should so cheaply give away that which your noble ancestors with so much courage, and industry, had so long maintained. You have often been told how careful they were, tho’ with the hazard of their lives and fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties

\* LIV. Lib. 3. c. 8. “*Hostibus belloque gratiam habendam, quod solitum quicquam liberæ civitatis fieret.*” † Idem Lib. 3. c. 42.

as entire to posterity, as they received them from their fathers. What they did with labor, you may do with ease: what they did with danger, you may do securely: the foundation of our laws is not shaken with the engine of war, they are only blasted with the breath of these men: and by your breath they may be restored.

What judgments your predecessors have given, and what punishments their predecessors have suffered, for offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those precedents; only, my lords, something I shall take leave to observe of the person with whose charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his offence.

His education in the Inns of Court, his constant practice as a counsellor, and his experience as a judge, considered with the mischief he has done, makes it appear that this progress of his through the law, has been like that of a diligent spy thro' a country, into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company, there is one crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordship's favor, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the subject. For, if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the laws, has he not already declared his opinion, that your votes and resolutions against Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the power of Parliament to abolish that judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus played with the power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the goat browsing on the vine;

\* *Rode, caper, vitem! tamen hinc cum stabis ad aram,*

*In tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit.*

He has cropped and infringed the privileges of a banished Parliament; but, now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our laws. And, in truth, what other satisfaction can he make his injured country, than to confirm by his example those Rights, and liberties, which he had ruined by his opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition: his crimes are

\* *QVID. Fast. Lib. 1. v. 557.*

already

already upon record; the delinquent and the witness is the same: having from several seats of judicature proclaimed himself an enemy to our laws and nation, "Ex ore tuo judicabitur." To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships, that as speedy a proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY as the course of Parliament will permit.

A S P E E C H in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, July 4, 1643, when Mr. WALLER was brought to the Bar, and had leave given him by the Speaker to say what he could for himself, before they proceeded to expel him the House.

MR. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of God, and a great favor from You, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own defence, by justification, or denial, of what I have done: I have already confessed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this House, but out of the world too. All my humble request to you is, that if I seem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to myself, I may have the honor to receive my death from your own hands; and not be exposed to a Trial by the Council of war; whatever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any where else.

This, Sir, I hope you will be pleased for your own sakes to grant me, who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my calamity but to be made the occasion of creating a precedent to your own disadvantage. Besides the Right I may have to this, consider, I beseech you, that the eyes of the world are upon you; you govern in chief; and, if you should expose your own members to the punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want power, or leisure, to chastise them yourselves. Nor let any man despise the ill consequence of such a precedent as this would be, because he seeth not presently the inconveniencies which may ensue. You have many armies on foot; and it is uncertain how long you

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you may have occasion to use them. Soldiers and Commanders, (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's army excel no less in modesty, than they do in courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmost power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them; and may be too apt, upon any occasion of discontent, to make use of such a precedent as this. In this very Parliament, you have not been without some taste of the experience hereof; it is now somewhat more than two years since you had an army in the North, paid, and directed, by yourselves; and yet, you may be pleased to remember, there was a considerable number of officers in that army, which joined in a Petition, or Remonstrance, to this House; taking notice of what some of the Members had said here, as they supposed to their disadvantage; and did little less than require them of you. 'Tis true, there had been some tampering with them; but what has happened at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the danger: if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me, to this Trial: if it be just, your army may, another time, require the same justice of you, in their own behalf, against some other member, whom, perhaps, you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden paths: and in such a case as this, where you have no precedent of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States, and Senates, which exercised the supreme power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none, either antient or modern, which ever exposed any of their own order to be try'd for their life by the officers of their armies abroad, for what he did, while he resided among them in the Senate.

Among the Romans the practice was so contrary, that some inferior officers in the army, far from the city, having been sentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deserving death, by their discipline of war, have nevertheless (because they were Senators) appealed thither: and the cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more words, to persuade you to take heed that you wound not your selves through my sides, in violating the privilege belonging to your own persons: I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the nature of my offence; not but that I should be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof:

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God knows it is horrid enough, for the evil it might have occasioned! But, if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a civil, than a martial, crime; and so to have title to a Trial at the common law of the land: there may justly be some difference put between me, and others, in this business.

I have had nothing to do with the other army; or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a civil pretence to that which I then foolishly conceived to be the Right of the subject. I humbly refer it to your considerations, and to your consciences. I know you will take care not to shed the blood of war in peace; that blood, by the law of war, which hath a right to be tried by the law of peace.

For so much as concerns myself, and my part in this business, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be said, that I made not this business, but found it: it was in other men's hands long before it was brought to me: and when it came, I extended it not, but restrained it. For the propositions of letting-in part of the King's army, or offering violence to the members of this House, I ever disallowed, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain discourse of this business so far as I did, I will tell you ingenuously: and that, rather as a warning for others, than that it makes any thing for my self. It was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the present war; looking on things with a carnal eye: and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been considered, the inestimable value of the cause you have in hand, the cause of God, and of religion: and the necessities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the same. As a just punishment for this neglect, it pleased God to desert and suffer me, (with a fatal blindness!) to be led on, and engaged in such counsels as were wholly disproportioned to the rest of my life! This, Sir, my own conscience tells me was the cause of my failing; and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or disposition, toward the commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For, from whence should I have it? if you look on my birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a stock which hath born you better fruit: if you look on my education, it had been almost from my childhood in this House, and among the best sort of men: and for the whole practice of my life, 'till this time!——if another were to speak for me, he might reasonably say that neither my actions out of

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Parliament, nor my expressions in it, have savoured of disaffection, or malice, to the liberties of the people, or privileges of Parliament.

Thus, Sir, I have set before your eyes, both my person, and my case: wherein I shall make no such defence by denying, or extenuating, any thing I have done, as ordinary delinquents do. My address to you, and all my plea, shall only be such as children use to their parents; I have offended; I confess it; I never did any thing like it before; it is a passage unsuitable to the whole course of my life beside: and for the time to come, as God (that can bring light out, of darkness) hath made this business in the event useful to you, so also hath he to me: you have by it made an happy discovery of your enemies; and I of my self, and the evil principles I walked by; so that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and (by God's grace assisting me!) shall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an example of your compassion and clemency.

Sir, I shall no sooner leave you, but my life will depend on your breath; and not that alone, but the subsistence of some that are more innocent. I might therefore shew you my children, whom the rigour of your justice would make complete orphans, being already motherless: I might shew you a family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their share in that mark of infamy which now threatens us: but, something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more than all this: — it is my heart; which abhors what I have done, and is more severe to it self, than the severest judge can be. A heart! Mr. Speaker, so awakened by this affliction, and so entirely devoted to the cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline you so to dispose of me, (whether for life, or for death!) as may most conduce to the advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I die, I shall die praying for you; if I live, I shall live serving you, and render you back the use and employment of all those days you shall add to my life.

“ After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, (and being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the knowledge of this business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged themselves therein.”

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF PORTLAND.

My Lord,

**H**AVING obtained leave to write to your lordship, and having but a very little time to perform it in, I shall not make any apology to satisfy You (as I might do) of the way I proceed in; which if it were to be tried by the rules of Necessity and Honor (even in the common acceptation thereof) if you knew all circumstances, I doubt not but I should be justified therein. My Lord, I beseech You know that this business was never meant for Your knowledge, either by the Lord Conway, or Sir Hugh Poliard. The only reason I imparted it to Your Lordship was, that by You (in whom I had so great confidence both for Your judgment, and friendship towards me) I might be instructed how far that Lord Conway might be trusted, with whom Sir Hugh so often urged me to speak. This You might perceive by some strangeness towards You when we first met at Pollard's chamber, and often after, when that Lord whispered to me a-part, which for the most part he did when he mentioned the Earl of Northumberland: so that, but for me, I think (nay, I am confident) you had never known any thing of this business, which was by Them prepared for another. And therefore I cannot imagine why you should wed it so far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and persisting unreasonably to hide that truth, which without You already is, and will every day be made more manifest. Can You imagine Your self obliged in honor to keep that secret which is already revealed by another; or possible, it should still be a secret, which is known to one of the other Sex? (though for a time deny'd.) No, my Lord! Be most assured that if You still persist to be cruel to Your self for others sakes that deserve it not, it will nevertheless be made appear e'er-long, I fear, to Your ruin. Sure if I had the happiness to wait on You I could move You to compassionate both Your self and me, who (as desperate as my case is!) am desirous to die with the honor of being known to have declared the truth; which God knows I have in every circumstance to the uttermost of my remembrance. And once more I beseech You for God's sake (the fountain of truth) to do the like. Much more I have to say (if I might be

be permitted to confer with Your Lordship about it) whereby I can demonstrate, that You have no reason in the consideration of honor, profit or friendship, vainly to contend to hide what is already revealed, and shall at last be made most manifest, inconsiderately to throw Your self away for the interest of others, and such to whom You are less obliged than You are aware of; and to them to make a sacrifice of Your noble family (and as much as in you lies) of the life and fortune of him that has ever been most unfeignedly, and never more shewed it than in the humble and hearty advice he now gives You,

Your LORDSHIP'S

most humble, and most faithful

Servant, and Kinsman,

EDM. WALLER.

May God in time direct your heart to that which is most pleasing to him, and the only way to preserve Your self before it be too late!

To my Lady LUCY SIDNEY, \* upon the Marriage of my Lady DOROTHY, her Sister, to my Lord SPENCER.

MADAM,

IN this common joy at Penshurst I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress: and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted: which just heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse impos'd on woman-

\* They were married at Penshurst, July 11, 1639.

Y 3

kind,



kind, the pains of becoming a mother ! May her first-born be none of her own sex ! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself !

May she that always affected silence, and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise, and number, of her children ; and hereafter of her grand-children ! and then, may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair Ladies, old age ! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young ; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth ! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage ; that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again ! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end, and afterwards !

To you, Madam, I wish all good things ; and that this loss may in good time be happily supplied with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

To my Lady \* \* \*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe ; for, here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry. By the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times ; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope ; who they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only in the spring ;

it

it was the diversion of their youth; as Ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry: so this is not always practised without some \* villainy to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses; we are told, that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how happy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavour'd the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipp'd an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

\* Qu. violence.

Y 4

Pre:ace

Preface to the first Edition of Mr. WALLER'S  
Poems, after the Restoration; printed in the  
Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in Print; but, somewhat satisfied, to see his Lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as \* one did to an ill Reciter.

\* \* \* Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age: the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the Impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure; as they admire most what they least comprehend, so, his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of several of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some administration: which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Historians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped, and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty, lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the

\* MARTIAL, L. I. Ep. 39.

season

season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison, (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike \* that Roman,

\* \* \* Quem dimisere Philippi  
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni  
Et Laris, & fundi. \* \* \*

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clip'd,  
And him of his old patrimony strip'd.

Who yet not long after could say,

MUSIS amicus, tristitiam & metus  
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
Portare ventis \* \* \*

Ode 26. Lib. 1.

They that acquainted with the MUSES be,  
Send care, and sorrow, by the winds to sea.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours, (or pleas'd with our rhimes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long, and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them: as also, to add some others which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us; yet, observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late;) making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:

Epist. 1. Lib. 2.

"Some verses being, like some wines, recommended to our taste by time and age") we have adventured upon this new, and well corrected, Edition; which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

\* HORACE Epist. 2. Lib. 2.

Preface

Preface to the second Part of Mr. WALLER's  
Poems ; printed in the year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. WALLER's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry ! He was indeed the Parent of English Verse, and the first that shewed us our Tongue had beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu, and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way.

TU pater, & rerum inventor ; TU patria nobis  
Suppeditas praecepta : tuisque ex, Inclute ! chartis,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta ;  
Aurea ! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ !

Lib. 3. ver. 9.

The tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since Him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so, it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. WALLER. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for ought I know, last too: for I question, whether in Charles the second's reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan Age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and as Chymists say of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the Infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spencer wrote last, and WALLER first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some



Some Painters will hit the chief lines and Master-Strokes of a face so truly, that thro' all the differences of age, the Pictures shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. WALLER's: He fought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use, and ornament: and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that come in upon the English Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but, this was less His case than any man's, that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself: for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to Him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of Monosyllables; which when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compose a Body in Des Cartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right prose, tagged with rhimes. Mr. WALLER removed all these faults; brought in more polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse He wrote in: so that where-ever the natural stops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His sense so as to fall-in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find Him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly

monly closes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of His rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the Great Master of writing, \* "*Quæ sunt ampla, & pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida & concinna,*" (amongst which Rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) "*cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.*" This he understood very well: and therefore to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had He carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verse. But, He continued an obstinate lover of Rhyme to the very last: it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in His eyes; and was courted by Him long after SACHARISSA was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer Him ever to flight a thing He had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evenner than he: yet, he is so just as to confess, that it is but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and Blank Verse set up in its room. There † is a third person, the living glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the Stage: tho' no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his Genius, that first brought it into credit in Plays; and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues still, and will do so, until some excellent spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But, this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage

\* CICERO ad HERENNIIUM, L. 4.

† Mr. DRYDEN.

one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. WALLER. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there.

\* Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet, they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. WALLER'S. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play was altered to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brother's characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. WALLER'S temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy it self, to make every thing come-off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader will be pleased to allow that in Him, that has been allowed so long in Homer, and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. WALLER'S that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the Reader may have the Set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published: and Mr. † Cowley's decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered

\* VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 304. † In the Preface to his Works.

to

to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Masters have been always valued, tho' the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up, and revered like religious reliques. And, I am sure, take away the " \* " mille anni," and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. WALLER, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands; it were in vain to expect, that among so many admirers of Mr. WALLER, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, 'till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author, to put them out whilst they continue genuine, and unmixed; and such as He Himself, were He alive, might own.

\* Alluding to that Verse in JUVENAL,

\* \* \* Et uni cedit Homero

Propter mille annos \* \* \*

Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other score,  
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.

MR. C. DRYDEN.

The

The Epitaph on Mr. WALLER's Monument  
in Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckingham-  
shire: written by Mr. Rymer, late Historio-  
grapher-royal.

On the WEST-END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID  
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER  
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE  
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT  
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD  
ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA  
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GREACE  
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSAE  
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the SOUTH-SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES  
EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI  
NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS  
OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,  
MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIAE.  
NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER  
ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM  
HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM  
MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC  
ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE  
SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS  
IN DELICHIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.  
HIC



HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM  
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE  
NOBILIS Uxor, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM  
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,  
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO : QUEM TER ET  
DECIES LAETUM FECIT PATREM, V FI-  
LIIS, FILIABUS VIII ; QUOS MUNDO  
DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIIT.

On the EAST-END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR  
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI  
LOCUM HABUIT ; CANTABRIGIAM  
STUDENDI ; PATREM ROBERTUM ET  
EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM :  
COEPIT VIVERE III<sup>o</sup> MARTII, A. D. MDCV.  
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS  
FILIA UNICA HAERES. EX PRIMA BIS  
PATER FACTUS ; EX SECUNDA  
TREDECIES ; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA  
SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB.  
A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

On the NORTH-SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER  
MARIAEQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS  
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS  
PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS  
FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS  
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.  
EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO  
H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

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